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POEMS OBITER

R. E. L. SMITH



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POEMS OBITER

BY

R. E. L. SMITH



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1914

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POEMS OBITER

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POEMS OBITER

THE MAN OF PALESTINE

The whole world is beautiful! In spring the
wood,
And field and fen and hill and wold;
And autumn, with its blighted buds
And dipping leaves of gilt and gold;
The winter, with its ice and snow
And giant winds; and summer's glow

Of thousands priceless harvest fields,
Whose rolling crest of endless sweep
Unto the rip'ning breezes yields
Its russet capping; and the deep,
Inviting, bosom of the river,
Passing always, passing never.

Beautiful the full moon, looking down
A wide expanse of vale and sky;
A summer's sunset, with its crown
Of golden glory; and the sigh
Of dying flowers; and the far,
Cold, shining of the polar star.

Sublime the madden'd ocean's roar,
Wind-whipped and tossed; sublime a vast
Unbroken prairie; and the pour
Of a Niagara; sublime the Past,
The Present; fearfully sublime
The irresistible march of time.

Sublime a forest-sweeping storm,
Resistance of the mighty oaks,
Titan against Titan; the alarm
Of thunder's roar and lightning's strokes;
Sublime the heaven's expansive sweep,
Its vast, unmeasurable, deep.

Sublime the terror and the might
Of frightened steeds; the stoic lion;
An eagle's pinion; and the flight
Of fowl's returning wing, high on
The tossing tempest's quivering comb,
Defying all to bar her quest of home.

Sublime the process of man's mind,
That thinks with God his lofty thoughts;
And marks the comet's infinite wind,
Telling worlds' limits, and consorts
With things unseeable; and the eye
Of faith that looks beyond the sky;

Resistance to a tyrant throne;
Death daring in a hope forlorn;
A dying nation's dying moan;
A mother's love for her first-born;
The strength of manhood, and the pain
In mercy's cause consumed in vain;

Th' unselfish love of man for man,
In noble thoughts and deeds arrayed;
The hands which work; the hearts which plan,
That better things may be displayed,
And pain and sorrow shall not be
The race's endless legacy;

And all the soul of glorious deeds,
That traces ever through the ages;
Beautiful the heart that bleeds
For the oppressed; sweet the pages
Of a life to good deeds given,
Exalting earth, declining heaven.

There dwelt a man in Palestine,
He trod the shores of Galilee;
A peasant was—a king had been—

Serving, he set the whole world free;
Died, but conquering, that there be
No more of death its mystery.

Though heights and depths my heart may stir;
Though gorgeous beauty charm my eye;
Though sounds delicious keep my ear,
Their contemplation draw me nigh;
Oh Heights! Oh Depths! come not between
Me and the Man of Palestine!

CHRISTMAS, NINETEEN ELEVEN

Lightly upon the earth
The new snow lies,
And the barren trees
In lacelike draperies
Adorn the skies.

'Tis fitting that the world
With clean, pure, snow is white;
And that the wind its cave
Has sought; the wave
Its deep; for it is night.

I gaze upon the snow,
Its wide, monotonous, sea,
Until the earth appears
A shroud; the years
Almost eternity.

Since time its course applied
To earth's enigmatic birth,
Mankind has come and gone;
Man is the Sphinx alone
Of this white earth.

Whence came he? whither goes?
I gaze upon the snow,

I pierce the very night
With curious thought and sight;
I do not know.

I gaze upon the snow,
I hear its noiseless flake;
I see the foot of time,
With ponderous step sublime,
Position take.

Wild as an arctic waste,
The place I stand, and one,
Who is not I, looks on
The overworld alone;
Yet not alone.

The spirits of the dead
Abound the ghastly sky;
A sorrow-wending,
Never ending,
Weird procession by.

Countless the feet of those
That speed the endless throng;
No face or form I know;
Like as the flakes of snow
They pass along.

Pregnant their going with
Woe and torturing fear;
Oblivion's nearest shore!
It lies too far before
And life too near.

This is the woe of them
That were but are no more,
And seek the tideless sea
Of far eternity,
Which goes before:

"Oh Time, Time, Time,
That covers the desolate lea,
When will you be no more;
When will dissolve your shore
And cease to be?"

Say you the dead are dead
Unto themselves, and death
But to the quick is known;
That the last sign and moan,
Th' expiring breath,

Are the end's indif'rent end?
I gaze upon the snow,
I see the dead move by,
I hear their ghostly sigh—
It is not so.

I see a million years
Of time's gigantic sweep,
And still the anxious throng
Their urgent, endless, long
Procession keep.

By th' life of death impelled,
Wearisome and weak;
With never ending quest,
The unattainable rest
They ceaseless seek.

I see a million years
And a nebulous far off shore;
But even so as they,
Who seek its misty bay,
It goes before.

Awake, awake, my soul!
What time is this? What gem

Illumes my pagan sky?
What star appears on high?
'Tis Bethlehem!

THE FANGS OF THE BEAST

A spit of snow from a sullen sky;
A dash of wind with a wiry edge;
A smarting cheek for the loiterer
And a stinging ear; 'tis the blizzard's pledge.
Seek ye a shelter and a fire,
For bitter death waits on the storm king's ire.

A dismal howl from the wilderness;
A sharp retort from the prairie near;
Like the maniac cry of a mind's distress,
Ghostly and weird and full of fear.
The great gray wolf is near about,
And the coyote seeks to draw him out.

Be not ashamed your horse to urge
If the gray wolf howls on your midnight path;
Fly you before the forest's scourge
As you would from fire or a lion's wrath.
The coyote comes, when the gray wolf's gone,
To suck the marrow and pick the bone.

To escape the wolf and the blizzard's bite
Go not down by yon mountain wall;
There a cry like a child's was heard last night;
'Twas not a child's but a panther's call
To her hungry mate, demanding food.
She loves the taste of human blood.

Go not up by yon rocky way,
For there the grizzly hath his den;
He doth not seek for human prey
But turns not aside from a hundred men.

If you meet with him in yon narrow path
He'll tear you to pieces in his wrath.

A hundred miles of level land,
But towering fir trees hide the light;
And jack o'lantern waves his wand,
Alluring to the left and right.
Fatal the forest's trackless way,
And starless night and sunless day.

Dare ye not the gray wolf's teeth,
Go not out when the blizzard lowers,
Nor where the hungry panther lies,
Nor where the darkening fir tree towers.
Go ye by day by the open road,
The path of truth and the light of God.

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP

They tell me she was beautiful in death;
That on her face a gentle calmness lay,
As though she had but clasped her feeble hands
And smiled herself to sleep,
Conscious that when the morning came
She'd greet the sun celestial on
Heaven's eternal shore.

It is not strange or wonderful to me
That she, though suffering as she did,
Should waken unto death serene and calm,
With heavenly beauty clothed.
Dying's not death to God's nobility,
But entrance into perfect life;
The broad beginning place from whence
Myriad worlds in grandeur break
Along God's golden shore.

Beautiful in death! If it had been
That otherwise were true, let nature, all

Of law divine and reason's sense
Stand then reversed and held for nought!
For when God lays his faithful servants down
He gives them peace.
Death is the time their earth and heaven blend,
And 'twould be strange were peace not perfect then.

THE TURNING TIDE

The fullness of our years is past, now outward
turns the tide;
And that which came with surge and sea refuses to
abide.

So kindly turns the shore away the parting brings
no grief;
So softly glides the ebbing tide recession seems
relief.

Flow softly, softly, ebbing tide until you reach
the main;
And that which came with surge and sea go softly
out again;

Till all the shore shall fade away and all the
tide shall sleep;
And shore and tide alike shall lie within the ocean's
deep.

FLIGHT OF PESTILENCE

Death rose from his lair on the desert
And shook out his mane of fire;
With his tail of smoke his sides he smote,
And his nauseous breath rose higher.

He stretched his great and tireless limbs,
And poised his head of gray,
And o'er his track his eyes of black
Shone eager for the prey.

Away he sped in vicious flight;
He turned from side to side;
Where'er the smoke of his nostrils broke
The flowers withered and died.

Swift as the wings of the wind he flew,
His heart of pity dearth;
His cancerous breast, like an ulcer pressed,
Shed carrion on the earth.

As on he sped and hotter grew
Faster o'er hill and dell
The fatal wreath of the breath of death
Thicker and thicker fell.

He crossed over rivers and mountains and seas,
He laid great cities numb;
But gave no shout of victory,
For the lips of death are dumb.

Through country and hamlet and town he sped
Till he swung the whole world round;
Then back to his lair in the desert bare
His sated way he found.

Gorged with the sight of human woe,
And gorged with the tears and the pain;
He lies in his venomous bed asleep
Till hunger stirs again.

MEDLEYS

The breezes blow o'er Medleys' hills
As pleasantly as when
The Senecas their bow-strings drew
In Potomac's shady glen;
Potomac flows as swiftly on,
But Seneca's warriors are gone.

A greater race has now their place
Whose maids are far more fair,
Nor brighter eyes nor softer cheeks
Our fathers witnessed there;
And many a dimpled, cozy, dell
No more hath sanguine tale to tell.

Where the wild deer once at will did roam
Grow splendid fields of cultured grain;
Where once the beaver made his home
Is seen the boatman's busy train;
And screaming flies the iron steed
Where lurked the she wolf in the reed.

Thus as time goes each century brings
Within its wheel some striking change,
And what to us are common things
Tomorrow's sun finds old and strange.
Old ways, old things, the new succeeds,
Old men, old plans, old hopes, old needs!

And time goes on and nations fall
Overcome by other men; and thus,
Before another century rolls,
Some greater power may conquer us;
Some newer peoples raise their throne
Upon the stubble we have grown.

'T WAS THE LAST KISS

'Twas the last kiss he gave me,
The first kiss of morn,
While yet hung the dew on
The rose and the thorn.

Then over the prairie
To his wild kindred near;
'Twas the last time I saw my
Vaulting young deer.

Come back, come back, my pretty brown fawn,
My garden's more fair than the plain;
Its shades, its flowers, its fountains are thine:
Come back to your lover again.

'Twas thus I long called him,
But called him in vain;
He never returned to
His lover again.

'Tis sweet to be loved;
But when freedom's no more,
Though around us all's lovely
The attraction is o'er.

THANKS

My motherinlaw, God bless her,
Presented me this cup;
Long may I live to drain it dry
And she to fill it up.

And God bless him whose noble mind
Gave its dimensions birth;
Its altitude and longitude,
Its mighty depth and girth.

God bless the men, God bless the ship,
That brought it to our shore;
The merchantmen, the expressmen,
God bless them o'er and o'er.

In all the days since I was born
I've never seen such cup;
Suggestive 'tis of many a "time"
Before its day is up.

No man of ordinary soul
Did plan this generous cup;

His hospitable heart designed
No timid draught or sup;

But great and long, old fashioned draughts
That bring old fashioned cheer,
And songs and shouts and hearty laughs
And banish cumbrous care.

Had Alexander Ferguson
And Riddle of the Glen
Possessed a vessel like to this,
Though they were mighty men,

The morning sun had never shone
On their hard bout still soaring,
For midnight striking would have found
Them both dead drunk and snoring.

I'd like to fill a bumper here,
A bumper to the sky,
And drink to all the great round earth
From Russia to Cathay.

This generous cup of generous size,
Like to the giver's heart,
(My motherinlaw's, God bless her),
Is big in every part.

ENTERING SOCIETY

Mr. L— and his wife society would enter,
Having made in trade a fortune or two,
But when they arrived at the entering gate center,
For a gate at the side-way never would do,
They found over head, on a painted sign swinging,
An announcement to Americans startling and new.

Ye men who have made
Your money in trade
And your grandfathers' names never knew;
Ye vipers of sin,
Ye cannot come in
To sit by the side of the blue.

To say Mr. L— and his good wife were shocked
Would express it too calmly, I swear,
And angrily turning, said he, "I'll be blocked
"If we don't get in yet, my Dear."

Mr. L—, well versed in every device,
Society studied straightway;
And e'er he had hurried his primer through twice
Decided the hand he would play.

'Twas thus that he argued, and his good wife
aided him,
For she, too, 'tis said, is cautious and smart;
When a fellow with wealth, and some more, has
laded him,
To go right on in all he needs is a start.

To purchase a mansion, costly and grand,
To pile up a table—'twas the work of a minute,—
And to send bills of fare to the Great in the land—
And the next minute the Great were all in it.

When the guests had departed, said he, "'tis all-
right,
For, my Dear, did your nobles in mud puddles wal-
low,
And 'mud' to some folks is not a strange sight,
Society'd be certain to follow."

LINEs WRITTEN UNDER CERTAIN
PICTURES IN RED BOOK

To——

Tower of beauty; witching dome;
Whiter than the sea's white foam;
Who would not like those roses fair,
Gladly die, if dying there.

To——

Smile not so, for 'tis too harming;
Turn away, you are too charming;
Lovely flowers lose their sweetness
Juxtaposed to such completeness.

To——

A peri caught the whitest pearl
And melted it in mountain dew,
Of this she shaped a little girl,
And when she grew up, lo! 'twas you.

To——

Vainly strives imagination,
Grasping, failing, for she seems
Too divine for mere description,
Like a picture seen in dreams.

To——

When coldly blow the wintry winds
And heavy clouds obscure the sky,
If perchance one bright star find
A little rift, how pleased the eye!
Thus, peeping forth, how like a star,
Shining through the storm, you are.

To——

A placid pool, whose surface n'er was swirled
By amorous winds or soiled by turgid stream,

Coldly contemplative of the world,
Unreal, intangible—a dream.

To——

Clothed with beauty and with glory crowned,
Superior to the world and every sordid choice;
So chastely good she seems, you can but wish
She'd speak that you might hear an angel's voice.

To——

A dew drop, with its beauty manifolded,
A white rose, with its petals dipped in snow,
A sunbeam, magnified in glory,
A pure star, shining in a world of woe.

To——

I cannot tell, I do not know
If weaker friend or weaker foe;
Or one or both do thinly line
Themselves in such a face as thine.

To——

Who gazes on the morning sun
But feels his manhood stir;
Who'd ever think himself undone
If Julia were near.

SIOUX FALLS

Good morning, little City,
Soo Falls upon the Soo;
You're very sweet and pretty,
And I'm much pleased with you;
Your site is beautiful to see,
The river running through,
You're just as cute as you can be,
Soo Falls upon the Soo.

Your vig'rous air is bracing,
Soo Falls upon the Soo;
And health and joy are tracing
Your very center through;
Your western sun is shining
Through skies of azure blue,
You've nought of nature's pining,
Soo Falls upon the Soo.

If aught there is of sadness,
Soo Falls upon the Soo;
To mar man's meed of gladness
The debt is not your due;
Poor man was made, and sorrow
His path will ever strew;
He owns it or will borrow,
Soo Falls upon the Soo.

No man is quite perfection,
Soo Falls upon the Soo;
No course without deflection,
Howe'er the aim be true;
No home without its plaguey spot,
No town without its grue;
Yours is—but I will name it not,
Soo Falls upon the Soo.

You have an excellent hotel,
Soo Falls upon the Soo;
The "Cataract" is very swell
And nicely managed too;
I've nought of which to make complain,
Or of the "rag to chew;"
I'd like to visit here again,
Soo Falls upon the Soo.

Fast resort of spouseless wives,
Soo Falls upon the Soo;
Or spouseless resort of fast wives,

I'm right well pleased with you.
Your site is beautiful to see,
The river running through;
You're just as chirp as chirp can be,
Soo Falls upon the Soo.

Beautiful but in your fame,
Soo Falls upon the Soo;
You'll have some day a better name,
Becoming more of you,
When legislatures learn that slime
No lovely thing can brew,
And spell for you a better time,
Soo Falls upon the Soo.

Expel the hopping bunch of fleas,
Soo Falls upon the Soo;
Correspondents, divorcees,
And all their kindred crew,
That crawl o'er you their lecherous length,
Your righteousness renew,
And find in virtue your true strength,
Soo Falls upon the Soo.

You have an excellent hotel,
Soo Falls upon the Soo;
The "Cataract" is very "swell"
Its management true blue;
Its patrons—no, it will not rain,
The sun is shining too—
Good-bye, for I must take the train,
Soo Falls upon the Soo.

GIVE HER A CHANCE

(From a newspaper item)

A mother so young and never a wife!
Pity the child and give her a show;
Give her a chance to mend her young life,
Wrecked by a brute. The girl could not know.

Fifteen, and a mother! poor little thing!
As little she knew as — dachshund cared;
The thing she called mother, a bone and a string,
Little cared too how her young daughter fared.

Give her a chance to redeem her bad day;
She could not know of the shame and the sin;
Scarce more than a babe, she was tempted that way;
Open some door that the child may go in.

Bid her to fly as a dove to its cote;
Some kind hearted mother, Oh! snuggle her nigh;
Just think of the child, with the lump in her throat,
With the worm in her soul and despair in her eye.

She is not fast in the clutches of guile,
Nor steeped in the filth of the alley of wrong,
Wearing her badges of sin, with a smile,
In innocence weak but in infamy strong.

She's only a child, so give her a show;
So nearly a babe—the child could not sin—
Pass her not on with a glare—'tis a blow,
But open some door and bid her come in.

Hunt down the dachshund who wrecked her
young life,
Burn on his forehead the emblem of sin,
But pity the mother, who can't be a wife,
And open some door and take the child in.

The dachshund may be a millionaire's son ;
Be that as it may, he's a scoundrel and rake ;
Hold the dog up at the point of a gun,
But pity the child for her infancy's sake.

AS IT MAY BE

When I shall lie a-dying
Draw not the curtain dark ;
Shut not out the eagle's scream,
Nor the sweet song of the lark ;
If the sky be bright, or leaden
With mist or rain or snow—
Let it be as it may be
When I shall go.

If lightnings flash, and thunders
Roar out their deep salute,
'Twill music be perhaps to me
As sweet as sound of flute ;
The thunder and the lightning,
The tragic of the sky !
'Tis fitting that the play proceed
When I shall die.

My soul has often striven ;
It knows both calm and strife ;
The sunshine, rain and thunder are
Parts of my checkered life ;
To-day the sun is shining,
Tomorrow clouds may come,
And trouble hoist its blood red flag
And sound its drum.

The calmness and the warring
Reflect my troubled soul ;
The sunshine and the shadow, too,
The thunder's roar and roll ;
To-day a bird is singing,

Tomorrow he is still,
His song absorbed in the distance
Beyond the hill.

If sweet is the sun, sweet the shadow,
If sweet is the day, sweet the night;
If sweet the moments of repose,
Sweet also is the fight;
The peaceful rest, the warring,
The alternate calm and strife,
The river's side, the mountain rude;
They are my life.

Die I when nature's warring,
Or all the world's at rest;
Whenever, or however,
I know that it is best;
Then lower not the window,
Draw not the curtain deep;
As it may be is rightest,
When I shall sleep.

SONG OF THE GOLDEN AGE

My soul is filled with singing and my heart is
filled with praise,
For I'm living, I am living, in a splendid flow of
days;
Every moment that is passing is a monument sub-
lime
To the faith of men and women yet upon the shores
of time.

The sky is brighter, clearer,
And life is sweeter, dearer;
And heaven is bending nearer
Than it ever did before.

Though our fathers wrought most wondrous, we
have wrought more wondrous still;
Though they wrought with will undaunted we have
wrought with greater will;
What they started we have finished, what they
dreamt of we have done,
Brought to pass some things unthought of with
each rising of the sun.

Where our fathers toiled laborious, there we live
in splendid ease;
Where they dwelt in war and terror, there we dwell
in splendid peace;
Where they labored unrewarded we have richest
recompense,
Love enthroned and God about us in the fullest,
sweetest sense.

We are living, we are living in a golden flow of
days,
And my soul is filled with singing and my heart is
filled with praise;
Every moment that is passing is a monument sub-
lime
To the faith of men and women yet upon the shores
of time.

CHRISTMAS WEEK

The year is flying, happy year,
A thousand blessings bringing;
All its fleeting hours appear
A summer sunbeam singing.
Ring out, glad day; speed on, sweet time!
We love your happy chorus;
And Christmas bells, their merry chime,
A sweeter spell cast o'er us.

The year is flying, happy year,
We speed its pleasant passing;
Its gladsome smile, its fleeting tear!
We love its cunning massing
In one short week, e'er it depart,
The ties that bind us to them
When Christmas comes with joyous heart
A moment to renew them.

The year is dying, happy year,
Though dying, yet we speed it;
We hear its rumbling funeral car,
And we will not impede it.
Good friend, be gone, but soon again
In youth renewed we'll meet you,
And when in death you find new life,
Old friend, again we'll greet you.

SWEET ROBIN, I'LL TAKE THEE

Sweet robin, I'll take thee
Back to thy nest;
In freedom I'll make thee,
Like thy comrades, blest;
Thy bosom is quaking;
Thy song is unsung;
Thy small heart is breaking
In care for thy young.

Go now, 'twas among these
Trees thou wert born,
And here thou hast sung thy
Sweet love songs at morn;
Go free now and tremble
The leaves with thy song
Where bird nymphs assemble
To tune it along.

Go now, and in freedom
Forget the sad cage;
Thy suff'ring and pining;
Amazement and rage;
The woods will look greener,
The blue skies unstained;
The freedom's that's sweetest
Is freedom regained.

OH, VEIL TONIGHT THAT LOVELY FACE

Oh, veil tonight that lovely face,
Too dangerous it be!
Lay off thy simple, modest grace
If thou would'st leave me free;
Oh, mask that smile; Oh, hide that eye,
Sweet window of a soul,
As pure as is the purest snow
About the untouched pole.

But even then that gentle tone,
Like music on the sea,
Would captivate a heart of stone
And cast it down to thee;
So I this merry crowd must fly,
Must fly far, far, from thee,
Must lose my memory if I
Would keep my liberty.

WHIS'LIN JIM

That there feller is Whis'lin Jim.
Gee! if I could whis'l like him
I'd make more money than ernuf,
An' spote de di'muns an' tote de stuff!
But he don't do nothin' do Whis'lin Jim,
Not like me if I was him!

He can whis'l straight, an' pucker an' trill,
An' in an' out, an' up, until
You'd think his head wud bus' in two,
But whis'lin's easy fer Jim ter do;
But he don't make nothin' do Whis'lin Jim,
Not like me if I was him!

Whillikins! how de cry do come
When Jim he whis'ls Home Sweet Home,
An we laff and howl and roll and prance
When Jim recites de Devil's dance;
But he don't make nothin' do Whis'lin Jim,
Not like me if I was him!

If I was Jim I'd jes go roun'
A whis'lin sho in ebery town;
My picter'd be a stickin' out
On ebery poster board about;
But he don't do nothin' do Whis'lin Jim,
Not like me if I was him!

But that's de way it seems ter be;
I can't be Jim, Jim can't be me;
Some things, they ain't jes right somehow,
That's what we fellers all allow—
Lis'n, Mister, that's Whis'lin Jim,
Wish ter goodness I was him!

THE SUND OG

Talkin' of weather!
The sundog
An' pollywog
Pullin' together
Spell the whole thing;
Give Old Prob.
Odds on the job
An' skin the ring.

Out in Montana
The sundog
An' pollywog,
An' around Hanna,
In North Dakota,
Know the conditions,
An' are sho' to
Raise no suspicions.

Las' Sunny mornin'
The sundog
Showed his warnin';
The pollywog,
She never sneeze
Or give a squeak
Down in the creek;
She knowed 'twould freeze.

This mornin'
No sundog;
The pollywog
Squawkin' and hornin',
Talkin' a lot
Down there below.
Old Prob. said snow;
Bilin' hot!

Away with your weather bureau, away with your
weather quack;
For real prognostications, see Hagerstown Almanack.

WILD ROSE

When the sun shines red high over head
In the blistering summer sky,
I bloom and blow for the men who go
The dusty highway by;
I fill the air with my perfume rare,
I make the hedgerow sweet;

I drop my leaves like fairy sheaves
To ease men's suffering feet.

With my vine and flower I raise a bower
To temper the sun's hot glow;
And where its heat most fierce doth beat
My thickest blossoms grow;
Where the hard highway o'er hills doth lay,
Or along the torrid street,
I drop my leaves like fairy sheaves
To ease men's suffering feet.

TO A PRAIRIE FLOWER

Luckless, lovely little flower,
Blooming at so soon an hour!
Winds have tipped thee,
Frosts have nipped thee,
Now thou'rt in my power.

Winds and frosts but bruised thy head!
But I tear thee from thy bed,
First flower of spring;
Take thee for thy early blowing,
For the brave heart in thee growing,
Sweet, fearless, thing.

Fear not, no sad fate awaits thee!
He who plucks thee never hates thee!
On a breast,
Model temple, home of love
Where the tenderest feelings move,
Thou shalt rest.

O'er the thousand miles that lie
Twixt my Maryland and I
Away in haste
My sincerity to prove
Next the heart I dearest love
Fondly rest.

OH, POOR BUTTERFLY

Oh, poor butterfly,
Thy bright wings are stilled!
No more with their trembling
The calmness is rilled;
When summer is coming,
The bloom on the rye,
Is not death sad!
Oh, poor butterfly.

Thou wert not old,
Thy wings were not weak;
Thou hadst not forgotten
The flowers to seek;
With the world and its beauty,
Entrancing the eye
And youth in its glory,
How sad 'tis to die!

Like thee I may wither
E'er manhood decay;
From life's shining circle
Be taken away;
To fade from the hearts
Where I long to abide,
My fondest ambitions
Forever denied!

OCEAN SONG

I'll sing of the ocean, of the ocean I'll sing;
I'll sing of the ocean, the ocean's the king.
A fig for your mountains, a fig for your plain!
Give me the ocean when the ocean's in pain,
When the voice of its torment lifts up to the sky
And frightens the storm as it looks in its eye.

I'll sing of the ocean, of the ocean I'll sing;
I'll sing of the ocean, the ocean's the king.
The mountains are conquered, though never so
steep,
But who can descend to the depths of the deep!
Great rivers are tamed, their secrets laid bare,
But who can inspect the ocean's deep lair.

I'll sing of the ocean, of the ocean I'll sing;
I'll sing of the ocean, the ocean's the king.
Would you test its displeasure, build well and build
strong,
Lest it lift you like driftwood and bear you along,
And cast you away, your boots and your bones
To dwell in the bosom of old Davy Jones.

YE SONS OF OLD IRELAND

Ye sons of Old Ireland, though scattered afar,
Remember your fathers were mighty in war;
And when the shrill bugle sounds loud on the blast
Be ye first to the battle, to leave it the last.

The throne of your princes has crumbled long
since,
But every son of Old Ireland's a prince;
Though fallen your throne and the scepter it swayed,
Be this your proud boast—they never decayed.

Old Rome drove her legions, Old Carthage her
prow
Through the midst of the nations, but where are
they now?
With Athens and Islam they've crumbled to dust,
And we seek for their glory in pages of must.

But Erin grows brighter with each passing year;
Real flesh and red blood do her children appear;
And though hate traduce and oppressors make war;
Prostrate, still defiant—Erin go Bragh!

I'S GWINE BACK TO DIXIE

I's gwine back to Dixie,
I's gwine back to Dixie,
I's gwine back to Dixie
As quick as I can go;
I don't like Minnesota,
I'd sooner rather go to
Frigid Manitoba
Or torrid Mexico.

It rains here like the devil
Possessed of all that's evil;
The river, most uncivil,
Its banks doth overflow;
I's gwine back to Dixie,
I's gwine back to Dixie,
I's gwine back to Dixie,
As soon as I can go.

I's tired of noise and bustle;
I's tired of rush and hustle;
I long to take a tussle
In a southern quiet nook,
With a hammock and a pillow,
Beneath a weeping willow,
In sound of ocean's billow,
Devouring of a book.

I's tired of red skinned peoples;
Of cheek bones like church steeples;
I want to see some dimples,
Darting, come and go,
And black eyes all a flashing,
And hear the bon mots clashing,
Like Syrian swords a-slashing
The crestline of the foe.

I want to see some roses,
Some honeysuckle posies,
To hear old Lize and Moses
Singing in the night;
For Dixie I'll be nosing
Before the day is closing;
At home I'll soon be dozing,
All snuggled up and right.

MY HEART IS IN DIXIE

My heart is in Dixie,
My heart is not here;
My heart is in Dixie,
In Dixie, so dear;
Across her green meadows,
Along her bright rills,
Traversing her valleys
And speeding her hills.

My heart is in Dixie,
My heart is not here;
My heart is with Trixie,
With Trixie, so dear;
With Trixie in Dixie,
Existence divine,
My heart beats for Trixie,
My heart is not mine.

My heart is in Dixie,
My heart is not here;
In Dixie with Trixie,
In Dixie, so dear;
Where warm rivers wander
Beneath the warm sky,
And evergreen mountains
Bend evermore nigh.

My heart is in Dixie,
My heart is not here;
My heart is in Dixie,
In Dixie, so dear;
Where sheds the magnolia
Its soft perfume round,
And beds of sweet violets
Encarpet the ground.

My heart is in Dixie,
'Tis far, far, from here;
My heart hears the angels
And sees them appear;
Oh, nearer to heaven
Is fair Dixie's land
Than stars that enjewel
The firmament's strand.

MY HEART IS IN DIXIE

My heart is in Dixie, my heart is not here,
My heart is in Dixie, in Dixie so dear;
Along her wide meadows, along her bright
streams,
Along her high mountains where the bald eagle
screams.
My heart is in Dixie, my heart is not here,
My heart is in Dixie, in Dixie so dear.

My heart is in Dixie, my heart is not here,
My heart is in Dixie, in Dixie so dear,
Where the orange and myrtle their perfumes
combine,
And the magnolia smiles to the sweet scented pine.
My heart is in Dixie, my heart is not here,
My heart is in Dixie, in Dixie so dear.

TO MARY

As when through mountains vast and high,
Whose towering peaks prolong the night,
A glint of sunshine holds the eye
One moment with intense delight;
Or on the view some flashing stream
Reflecting heavenly brightness falls
Across one's vision like a dream,
And charms and dazzles, yet appalls—

So, on my dreary path through life
You broke one moment o'er me,
One fleeting moment, my sweet love,
Then all grew dark before me;
One fleeting moment, my sweet love,
Then all grew dark before me.

But even with the growing gloom,
Made denser for your shining
Upon my heart, my rose in bloom,
'Twere sadder for repining;
I ever bless the happy hour
I first beheld your beauty,
Surrendered wholly to your power
And then returned to duty.

This world a desert were indeed
Were there no sweet birds singing,
And many a heart would sadly bleed
Were there no comfort springing;
And though the comfort come with pain
And greater pain succeeds it,
If for a moment one can gain
A little bliss, who heeds it.

OH, BEAUTIFUL LAND

Oh, beautiful land of the golden west,
Where the sun sinks into the ocean!
I left my heart in the golden west
Where the sun sinks into the ocean.

Oh, beautiful land of the golden west,
Where the sky is kissed by the mountains!
I left my heart in the golden west,
Where the sky is kissed by the mountains.

Oh, beautiful land of the golden west,
Oh, beautiful land of Aden;
Oh, beautiful land of the golden west,
And, Oh, the beautiful maiden!

Give back my heart, Oh, golden west,
Give back my heart, Oh, maiden!
I cannot offer you the rest,
Oh, beautiful land and the maiden.

DYING SOLILOQUY OF THE TWENTY- FOURTH DIVISION — ELEVENTH CENSUS

All things must die! What matters
The extension of a few days or months?
When death comes all things are leveled,
And eternity keeps no clocks.
The prattling babe, the gray haired man,
The Twenty-fourth Division and the office
Of the Disbursing Clerk;
They all are one in that dark vale.
We go a span before the others, that is all,
And have this solace: they will follow.
When they shall come we'll taunt them thus:
"Thou too, Stoddard! thou too, Stoddard!"

We shall lie down with Congresses defunct;
With principalities and powers long since gone;
Old Rome, in all her grandeur, Ancient Greece,
Carthage, Troy and Babylon,
Modern imperial France, and all the ghosts
Of previous censuses;
The United States Bank, whose stanch defender
was but Clay,
And all the great things that are gone.
We'll have the pick of places yet unfilled
In Hades' unexplored grounds, where Pluto reigns;
And in the fifty thousandth census
Of that great monarch's realm
We may all be Superintendents.

BILL BAILEY

Bill Bailey, Bill! (his name is Ed.)
Bill Bailey of the pleasant smile;
Though but four feet from heel to head,
His merry mouth is most a mile.
Two cherry eyes, like laughing cups,
Look on you with such charming daring,
You can but love him for his looks
And the pleasant smile he's always wearing.

Bill Bailey, Bill, hold to that smile,
And to that natural eye greeting;
For they will take you many a mile
When to the wind your course you're beating.
There're things, Bill Bailey, gold can't buy,
And you have two in ample measure—
Your pleasant smile, your pleasing eye
Compose a most superior treasure.

Bill Bailey, Bill, a couplet sage,
A friendly caution—see you heed it—
When you have reached the danger age,

(I trust indeed you will not need it)
Wed not to eye and pleasing smile
That nature gave for less than taking,
A mind impure, a heart of guile,
Or else a monster you'll be making.

TWO MOODS

(Pessimistic)

On the window pane the beating rain,
Among the trees the wind;
Upon my heart the blows that smart
From deeds and words unkind;
And I look through tears at the bitter years
That lie so thick behind.

The past portrays with its evil days
The future; what has been
Will be again; its grief, its pain,
Its sorrow and its sin;
And my eyes behold no guilt or gold
And take no gladness in.

Joy there may be, but not for me;
My life is linked to ill;
The cloud which passed when my fate was cast
Came straight from trouble's hill,
And hangs anear, damp, dark and drear,
And presses on me still.

(Optimistic)

I will look ahead, for the past is dead,
The future only lives;
The past forget with its depth of debt—
I will take what the future gives;
I will be a man, I must, I can;
'Tis only the fool that grieves.

I will lift me up from my bitter cup,
The sky above is clear;
The sun is bright, the hills are white
And better times seem near;
The things that pain may not come again,
And the world is alive with cheer.

Then on the pane the beating rain,
And through the swaying trees
The night wind strong with cheery song
Wakes pleasant memories;
And my heart's alift with a gladsome gift
Of happy harmonies.

BIRTH OF A NEW CULT

Nothing, born nowhere, learned to create
A few rude characters on a slate,
But working he loathed at home or at school:
"If I shirk I am switched, if I work I'm a fool.
What's the difference?" says he, "I never could see
Any difference at all twixt dum and twixt dee."

Whatever the duty, whatever the task,
Well done, poorly done, Nothing would ask,
"What is the difference? for me, I can't see
Any difference at all twixt dum and twixt dee;
The thumb is a finger and the finger's a thumb,
And there ain't no difference twixt dee and twixt
dum."

Nothing went walking one very dark night,
When a highwayman met him and held him up tight.
"Your cash or your life," the highwayman cried;
"There aint no difference, Sir," Nothing replied,
"Dee looks like dum and dum looks like dee,
And there ain't no difference, Sir, that I can see."

A policeman caught him and took him to court,
As policemen will when hungry for sport.

Said the Judge "Twenty balls or twice twenty
days."

"What's the difference," said Nothing, "if your
Honor please;

There ain't no difference that I can see
Twixt tweedlededum and tweedledee."

Nothing was sick and the doctors all said
That he'd die if he didn't stop drinking the red.
"What's the difference," said he, "I never could see
Any difference at all twixt dum and twixt dee;
Dum's same as dee, dee's same as dum,
And there ain't no difference twixt finger and
thumb."

So stoutly he claimed it that Nothing soon grew
A prophet to many and a fool to but few.
Some want him for Mayor; some want him for
Judge;

Some want him for hangman, But Nothing won't
budge.

"What's the difference," said he, "I never could see
Any difference at all twixt dum and twixt dee."

When Nothing shall die and decay, the result
Of Nothing's fool sayings may be a new cult;
Books may be printed and orators speak
Of Nothing's negation and principles meek,
And Nothing of Nowhere a philosopher be
Quer'ing the difference twixt dum and twixt dee.

Nothing may lie in Nothing's cold tomb,
No colder than you or I in our gloom;
We in our coffins, Nothing in his;
If Nothing could query, Nothing could quiz,
Nothing would ask us, "The difference? I see
No difference at all twixt dum and twixt dee."

OUR FLAG

There is one flag we love; 'tis the Red White
and Blue!
'Twas born in the morning of freedom's first dawn-
ing,
When it shone like a star just appearing to view,
For the oppressed a hope; and for tyrants a warning
That the day and the hour of their ruling by might
Were passing away as a dream in the night.

Dear Red White and Blue,
Sweet banner so true,
We will die if need be
For the Red White and Blue.

There is one flag we love; 'tis the Red White
and Blue!
No legends of wrong in dishonor enfold it;
When our fathers in anguish of blood dyed it
through,
They called by that blood on their sons to uphold it.
Brave sires of Columbia, should the enemy fall
On that blood purchased flag, we will hark to thy
call.

There is one flag we love; 'tis the Red White
and Blue!
If it droop in the calm or the stiff breeze it flutter,
'Tis an emblem of freedom the wide world all
through,
And its spirit moves on though tyrants may mutter.
Grow no winds of oppression, no doctrines untrue
To Liberty's soul 'neath the Red White and Blue.

There is one flag we love; 'tis the Red White
and Blue!
When over the ocean we see it appearing,

Sweet flag of our nation, sweet banner so true,
What emotions are these that our bosoms are stirring?
'Tis the spirit of freedom saluting her own,
Battle's bold inspiration, America's throne.

TO THE AMERICAN FLAG

Wave proudly, oh, flag! every wind that disporteth
Thy blue tinted billow is liberty's breath;
Every sunbeam that livens the sheen of thy beauty
Breaks on the grave of a hero beneath.

Wave proudly, oh, flag, secure is thy glory;
Ten million brave men, one breast and one arm,
Are ready to shield thee, defend thee, avenge thee,
And woe to the nation that offers thee harm.

Though some that on yesterday revered thee fondly*
No more shall command the soldierly files,
Their spirits heroic still cluster around thee
Revived in the bosoms of Kimberly, Miles.

Wave proudly, oh, flag, sweet emblem of freedom,
For millions long dead have cherished thy fame,
The living revere thee, their sons will defend thee
And history resound with America's name.

MONTGOMERY

Oh, Maryland, Montgomery, how beautiful are you!
Your fields of cultivated green beneath your skies
of blue;

*Gen. Sherman and Admiral Porter died February 16, 1891.

Your groves of oak and poplar, your valleys nest-
ling far;
Montgomery, my native land, how beautiful you
are!

Montgomery, Montgomery, how beautiful you
are;
How beautiful, how beautiful, how beautiful you
are!

Damascus wears her lofty crown and looks o'er
Medley's vale,
Whence Seneca, a silver thread, wends many a
pleasant dale;
And happy lands of indian corn and scarlet clover
field
Their measure to the song attend and wealth and
comfort yield.

Potomac flows in stately grace along your south-
ern bound,
And like a mother's gentle arm encircles you around;
Within her deep recesses the gamey black bass dart,
And night reflects upon her breast the great Crea-
tor's art.

Upon your hundred fertile hills the people live
in ease;
They fear the gracious God of heaven and dwell
in joy and peace;
The children play unfrightened and laugh the laugh
of love,
Montgomery, your goodness is like the peace above.

ANNIE PARSONS

Annie Parsons, do you love me?
Tell me "yes," I pray.
I have loved you, Annie Parsons,
Many a long, long day;
I have loved you, Annie Parsons,
All these years gone by;
Than to lose you, Annie Parsons
I would rather die.

Trees are budding, Annie Parsons,
And the spring is here;
Why not marry me tomorrow,
If you love me, dear?
If you love me, Annie Parsons,
Marry me, I pray—
Is it put it off you're saying?
Not another day!

Yes, of course, your Ma will miss you
Think me heartless, too,
But she wedded, Annie Parsons,
When the age of you;
If you love me, Annie Parsons,
Be it wrong or right,
Let's not wait until tomorrow,
Let's be wed tonight.

Where's the preacher, did you whisper?
Scarcely out of sight;
Don't get nervous now, my darling,
Yes, your hat's on right;
No, your father will not stop us,
He'll not know we're gone,
And he'll only fuss a little
When we come back one.

TO LUO

Cupid went warring armed all cap-a-pie,
And as safe as his cuteness could make him;
But Venus, his mother, with tears in her eye,
Cried sorely that harm would o'ertake him.

So loud was her grief that old Vulcan stirred
And inquired the cause of her weeping;
And when he had heard the god volunteered
To put the young scamp in safe keeping.

Away sped his godship, so fast that his legs,
The hinges of which had grown rusty,
Creaked as he leaped from the peaks to the crags,
And mortals all thought it was gusty.

At last, when at night-fall, weary and warm,
Half way round the world he had wound him,
He spied the young run-away's chubby fat form;
And where do you think 'twas he found him?

Kneeling at my Luo's feet,
Captivated, charmed complete;
All his arrows scattered round
Harmlessly upon the ground;
And so happy seemed the urchin
That the god refused to touch him,
But returning, "Madam," said he,
"Captured is your son already."

SLEIGH SONG

When the flowers are abed and winter's cold is
stiling
The distant river's roar, and snow the valley's
filling,
I think and smile and wait the while for good times
that are coming,

As o'er the blow and through the snow I hear the
sleigh bells humming.

John drives the fastest horse, but Willie's is more
lovely;
Than Harry's none is worse, with his heels oft high
above me,
But, Oh, just think, how sweet to drink the bliss
there is in falling,
As in the snow head first we go, and kids and calfs
appalling!

Oft beams the morning star, e'er sleighrides are
forsaken
And I call down stairs to Ma that I to bed *have*
taken;
But 'tis to dream and wake and scream at hideous
sights that hound me,
As to my eyes there seem to rise a thousand snow
drifts round me.

TO LUO

Luo, hide those rosy lips
Or soon of kisses you'll have none;
For, if once I take to stealing,
I will steal them every one.

I'm aware the stock is "mighty,"
But I'll take them every day;
And I'll keep on stealing, stealing,
'Till I've stole them all away.

Oh, to lose your stock of kisses,
Would it really give you pain?
No, indeed, I am not "cruel,"
You may steal them back again.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM

Had I the force, the fire that pressed
And surged and burned in Byron's breast,
And had I Shelly's sweetest tone
And Moore's fancy all my own—
Did I all these great greats combine
I could not write a single line—
Then take your book; Oh, take your book,
My rhyme is dead, my muse is flown,
For every name herein does look
So much greater than my own,
That I should blush to write mine where
Critical strangers might compare.
Then take your book; Oh, take your book,
And ask of me again the same,
When I have won—here, hand the book,
Is not your friendship more than fame?
A name! a name! 'tis but a myth,
I'll write mine down:

— — — —

A GIFT

When king gives gift to king, the gift is gold
And precious stuff of value great. A thing
Compareless with the golden gift of king
Here in my hand for you I hold.

'Tis not to be compared with kingly gift,
And yet it is more precious, too, than gold—
This simple thing that in my hand I hold,
So very small a child's weak hand can lift.

'Tis not of precious stuff, as king
Makes gift to king, and yet 'tis such

As rulers real and worthy value much
When loyal subjects offering bring.

This gift is simple, but its soul
Is love and loyalty to you, our friend,
Right hearty now and to the end,
Loyalty and love unfaltering, whole.

WAITING AT THE STILE

Poor little Fannie, Fannie slight and frail,
Fannie standing at the stile waiting for the mail;
Thoughtless little Fannie, in the dewey grass,
Standing, waiting, at the stile, for the mail to pass.

Poor little Fannie waiting at the stile,
Dear little rogue though, scheming all the while;
Wonderful concoctions through her brain that trail
While she's standing at the stile waiting for the
mail.

Poor little Fannie, every day she goes
Tripping through the orchard where the pippin
grows;
If the grass is dripping, wetting Fannie's trail,
Fannie's feet get wet, too, going for the mail.

When she gets a letter, well she thinks she's paid
For the dozen journeys to the stile she's made;
For the scheming, dreaming, growing cold and pale,
And impatient waiting for the tardy mail.

Were the letters business, a dozen lines or so,
Are the apples ripening? how do the crops grow?
Or about the weather, cut and dried and stale,
Fannie would grow weary of going for the mail.

Poor little Fannie, when she's all alone,
Reading of her letter, then a-writing one;

Saying to her lover, heartless little quail,
"No, I am not tired yet of going for the mail."

Poor little Fannie, Fannie's health was frail,
Fannie fell asleep one day waiting for the mail;
And her lover saw her, oh, so slight and pale,
And kissed poor little Fannie, waiting for the mail.

And the morning breezes, jealous of the man,
Kissed her forehead and her cheeks, kissed them into
tan,
Kissed poor little Fannie, kissed her cheeks so pale,
Turned her lilies into roses waiting for the mail.

Poor little Fannie, Fannie's not alone,
Of the many thousands, Fannie's only one
Who go daily tripping down the orchard trail
To the stile and waiting, waiting for the mail.

MEMPHIS MAIDEN

Memphis maiden, pale, petite,
Pray forgive my small deceit.
Fault, if any, lay with you;
Tempted so, who could be true.
Memphis maiden, please forgive,
Let this guilty sinner live.

Memphis maiden, how could I
For such sweetness help but lie?
Fault, if any, call it mine,
I still know the fault was thine.
Memphis maiden, please forgive,
Let this guilty sinner live.

Memphis maiden, every day
For your happiness I'll pray;
Every moment I will dream
Of those hours you made supreme.

Memphis maiden, please forgive,
Let this guilty sinner live.

Memphis maiden, even now
I perceive thy classic brow,
Sparkling eyes; and shapely mouth
Uttering accents of the South.
Memphis maiden, please forgive,
Let this guilty sinner live.

Memphis maiden, though I stand
Here convicted out of hand,
Sweet my sentence if it be
Lifetime constancy to thee.
Memphis maiden, please forgive,
Let this guilty sinner live.

Memphis maiden, fare-thee-well,
Let these lines my penance tell;
When you read them think of one
Paying dearly for your fun.
Memphis maiden, please forgive,
Let this guilty sinner live.

LINES TO A PAINTER

How the deft pencil o'er the canvas flies,
Mimics nature and paints the immortal skies!
Ah, how the magic lines appear,
Charm my rude sight and draw me near;
Portray the visions of the mind,
The hopes and passions of our kind;
Depict the end of life's last fight,
And almost catch the spirit's flight.

TO WIDDIES FOR MY WOOING

I wish that I was young again,
I wish that I was twenty,
And had of cash a little bit,
And had of wit a plenty;
I know a few particulars
In which I'd change my doing—
In one particular: I'd go
To widdies for my wooing.

Widdies are so oochy-toochy,
Widdies are so knowing;
Sh—Sh—, I hear the matin lark,
Sh—Sh—, the rooster's crowing.

The youth of inexperience
Misses lots of goodies;
He twirls and whirls about the girls,
All scornful of the widdies.
Had I my days to live again,
I'm sure I'd change my doing
In one particular: I'd go
To widdies for my wooing.

The debutantes, yes, they're sweet,
But shrinking so and fearsome;
With "oh's" and "no's" and "won'ts" and "don'ts,"
And anxious eyes and tearsome,
They strangulate you on the start,
Then brand you for a lugger;
But widdies draw you soft apart
And soon you're huggermugger.

SPRING

Now gentle springtime comes again
And sets all things to going;
The little birds to newer tunes,
The little creeks to flowing.

The lizard crawls out on the rocks
To limber up his muscles;
The bullbat comes in soaring flocks
And with the wee gnat hustles.

The girls put on their pretty clothes
And look so blamed enticing,
The boys all fall headlong in love
And study up on splicing.

So gentle springtime comes again,
And sets all things a-going:
The little birds to newer tunes,
The little creeks to flowing.

THE HAPPY PAST

I love to sit at evening and hum some old, sweet,
 song;
Some song we sang long, long ago, when you and I
 were young.
I conjure up the happy past and live it o'er again,
And thus forget at evening the present and its pain.

The happy past, the happy past,
The days when you and I
Were happy with each other—
But you were called to die.

I dream, yet scarcely dreaming, so sweetly real
 the thought,
That you and I again my Love in love's embrace are
 caught;
My arm about your gentle form, we wander in the
 shade,
Or by the babbling little brook which through the
 meadow strayed.

And then as night grows older and shadows
 thicker lie,

I dream the dawn is breaking in the eternal sky;
I dream, oh, it is not a dream, that I can see your
face,
Young again—so beautiful—and by your side my
place.

THE WIND IS SOFTLY SIGHING

The wind is softly sighing,
The sun is sinking low,
My heart is homeward turning
Where southern breezes blow;
I'm thinking of my Southland,
Where gentler rivers wind,
And love is ne'er a stranger
To any humankind.

There's none in this great city
For whom my heart can burn
In gratitude or pity
And find love in return;
Let them keep their precious money,
Its triumph with its stain,
But give me back my Southland
And all it means again.

ODE TO LUO

Luo, at the evening hour
Place within thy cozy bower
Sweetly soft and shadowy light,
Shining faintly through the night;
Shade it with a bank of roses,
Flowery bed where love reposes!
And when I see it I will know
From its soft and mellow glow
Luo's in her arbor lying,
Luo's for her lover sighing.
Then my step shall be most swift,

And my heart so lightly lift,
As I hurry o'er the meadows
In the starlight's palsied shadows.
Happier lovers ne'er shall be;
None shall kiss so oft as we.
We'll not wake the lovely lute,
Let it lie forgotten, mute;
But the language of the flowers,
It shall breathe this love of ours.
Looks shall answer, sighs shall speak
Spells that softest words would break;
Touch of finger, pressure tell
That our bosoms know so well,
Till we part in wretched pain
That we still must part again.

When unto my haunts I go,
Ah, my brain, 'tis all aglow,
And my fancy seems to fly
To the regions of the sky.
Mortals have no entre there—
But the spirits of the air.
And my music seemeth such
As inspired by Luo's touch.
Where such tender ideals move
I can only sing of love.

Love, the burden of my song
Draws my pen in haste along,
Which on other themes would lie
Idle as the hours go by.
Who could not forever sing,
In his heart, at least, I say,
Who possesseth everything
Needful to a lover's lay!

Of the poets that have sung
Of the perfect bliss of love,
None the perfect lyre hath strung,

None the perfect depths can move.
Nor speech nor pen can e'er record,
Language wanteth for the word,
That delightful joy to tell
Of a fond heart wedded well.

If a moment there arises
Sighs for single nights and days,
Well he knoweth he despises.
All his former life and ways.
He may bleat of marriage ties
And the burdens that they bring,
But he knoweth well he lies
When he says he'd snap the string
If his life could be undone
And not injure any one!
Yes, he knoweth well he lies,
And his better feelings shame him,
When he gazeth on those eyes
That in early youth o'ercame him,
That have flashed and dimmed for him,
Wept, or smiled, as it might be
When in fortune's fickle swim
Sank beneath or floated he.

Love, the burden of my song,
Love the passionate love of youth!
When the pulse's beat is strong,
Roused by ardor, curbed by truth,
That a thousand deaths would die
To disprove inconstancy.

When you love your sweetheart well,
And she loves you in return,
This one thing remember still:
Every fire will cease to burn
When the fuel from the pit
Is consumed that feedeth it.

Love is like unto a fire.
Feed it and it mounteth higher;
Give to it no new caresses,
It rotteth with the marriage dresses.

OH, WHY DID YOU TEACH ME TO LOVE YOU?

Oh, why did you teach me to love you,
When you knew it would bring me but pain?
Oh, why did you teach me to love you,
When you knew 'twould be loving in vain?

Do you know that a heart when wounded
Forgets not its pain in a day?
Do you know to a bosom so cheerless
Life passes too slowly away?

Like some stream in the valley forsaken
By the fountain that hurried it on;
Like some palace deserted and darkened,
Like some flower whose fragrance is gone

The life that has given
All care away,
All hope abandoned,
Drifting astray.

TO MARY

Love's a great dissembler, Mary.
Who fools with Cupid needs be wary,
For he will swear he does not care
Whether or no he harbors there,
And then, shrewd rascal, e'er you know it,
Even as he swears not he will do it.
And never such a tyrant kept a
Throne within thy mind or swept a
Storm so frantic o'er thy heart
As Cupid with his little dart.

You can't dislodge him, there he stays,
A regal rascal all your days.
Often he will make you bother;
Tricks and lies for him you'll smother,
Tears you'll shed and smiles you'll wear,
Pleasures shun and shoulder care—
All for love! Ah, me! Ah, me!
What poor, simple slaves are we.

A PROPOSAL

I am sailing down life's river
In my little bark canoe;
There is only one seat in it,
But its broad enough for two;
The current's running gently,
And all things promise fine,
Won't you take a seat, sweet maiden,
In this marriage boat of mine?

We'll avoid the rocks and ripples,
We'll avoid the sickly glade;
Where the water is too shallow,
I'll get out and wade;
You shall have the gentle hand,
I will take the stroke;
You shall be the blossom'g vine,
I will be the oak.

When the tempests blow too sturdy
I will stand between;
Nor winds nor waves shall dash away
Thy bloom, my queen;
I will love, protect, thee for-
Ever and forever.
Not even death's cold hand
Our love shall sever.

BEWARE

An unsophisticated boy
Grasped a bee with shouts of joy,
But instantly, for furious pain,
He let his fingers ope again.
The bee, uninjured, flew away
In search of sweets among the hay.

A useful lesson here we're taught,
With better sense be always fraught,
Nor think, because a thing is frail
It has no stinger in its tail.

THERE'S A HOME SOMEWHERE

There's a home somewhere in a region of glory,
Where the ransomed in Jesus forever shall dwell;
Its sweetness and goodness have often in story
Been attempted, but who can its grandeur foretell?

Not the poet's warm fancy; the scholar's deep
reason;
Not the dream of the mystic; the hope of the soul,
Can convey to the mind the slightest impression
Of this home where eternities endlessly roll.

Oh, 'tis true as is verity, pure as is virtue,
And lost to conception in sweetness sublime;
It may lack all the forms of mortal conjuncture
Yet excel all the glories of increate time.

For God is its author, erector, completer;
'Twas shaped and adorned by the power of his word;
No hand touched or turned it, but the will of the
Maker,
And who can conceive of the skill of the Lord?

SWEET IS THY PEACE

Sweet is thy peace, Comforting Spirit, sweet,
The peace thou givest the anxious soul;
No love without thee is complete,
No faith without thee is half whole.

Thou art the author of our Christian love;
'Twas generous thou that gave it first;
Thou art the promised from above,
The great ambassador of Christ.

Can this poor soul some fitting offer make
That is acceptable to thee?
Here is my heart, possession take,
Make thou thy dwelling place with me.

REWARD

Seek ye, and ye shall find—
Seek ye with mind and heart,
And you shall know the Fatherlove
Which passeth human art.

The peace unspeakable
Which stilled the wind tossed wave
Of far, dark, furious, Galilee
Your spirit's shore shall lave.

Around your heart shall waft
Soft breezes from above,
Warm with the dew of Paradise,
Sweet with the Father's love.

Thou'lt rank with God's elect,
And in His council stand,
Transformed from commonplace of earth
To heaven's exalted band.

THE NEW SONG

I cannot see the shining star
The shepherds saw o'er Bethlehem;
I cannot hear the heavenly choir
Which sang that holy song for them;
But I can hear a world asong,
And I can see an empty tomb,
A vacant cross, a reigning throne,
A sky aglow, an earth abloom.

I cannot see the waving palms,
Nor hear the shoutings of the throng;
I cannot see the multitude
The way to Salem's gate along;
But I can see strange ships go out,
Fair sailing o'er their purple seas;
And I can hear the sailors shout
Their jubilee and songs of peace.

And I can see love's banners wave
From every mountain, plain and glen;
And I can read inscribed thereon,
"Peace upon earth, good-will to men;"
And I can hear the multitudes
Cry as they ne'er in other days,
Where'er the cross its shadow casts,
"Hosanna in the highest, praise."

THE HARPER

When David strung his shepherd harp
To soothe the maddened monarch's brain,
How sweet the melody which broke
To lure away the royal pain.
The weary monarch heard the singer's song,
His troubled mind grew calm, his heart grew strong.

That music which the harper strung
For ancient Judah's stricken prince,
Since through the world has ever rung
To sooth, to comfort, to convince.
A million hearts like Saul's have lived again
Beneath that Shepherd harp's surviving strain.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST

The gracious church of Christ divine
Hath wide her conquering armies thrown;
In every land, in every clime,
She claims a fortress for her own.
Her flag above

The sign of love,
And Christ her lord is on his throne.

Before her far advancing hosts,
Before her banner and her cry,
The foes that challenge, him that boasts,
And Satan and his cohorts fly.
Her flag of love

It floats above,
And earth to heaven is lifted nigh.

Above the shoutings of the hosts,
The halleluiahs of the throng,
The captives cry, "redeemed, redeemed,"
And crowd the blessed way along.
For heaven and home

They shout, they come,
For right that triumphs over wrong.

Advance, thou gracious church of Christ
Till love hath swept all hate away,
Till Jesus dwells in every heart,
And round doth beam the perfect day
Of peace and love

Like that above,
And Christ reigns universally.

LOVE

The spiritual, dwelling in the heart of man,
Hath force as potent midst her voiceless realm
As that which moves the things of earth.
Nay, e'en more powerful these than those
That men do handle, feel and touch;
For these the others cause to sway
Through operating on the master, man,
And Love and Hate, Ambition, Pride and Shame
Stand giants in the wider world
And challenge Heat and Cold and Wet and Dry
And all the ordinary laws
To test of strength.
And yet, amidst themselves, against themselves,
They constant warfare wage, but Love
Doth wage its war against them all,
And with no weapon save itself
Stands fast, imperial and unmatched;
And as it hath its fountain head in God,
Love's kingdom is the universe,
And Love is super-king.

GOD SHALL KEEP THEE

Since the first moment when the gentle peace
Of sin forgiven, and God's quiet fell
On thee all harm, or then or now,
Hath been averted; as an arrow, which
Speeding its cruel way, a sudden air
Doth slant aside,
So God hath intervened twixt thee and harm.
Come then what may of fortune's snarls,
He turns her shafts aside and says:
No harm shall thee befall; no hurt
Thyself shall suffer; out of life
Thy ransomed soul shall go unscarred;
And in the end the victor's crown
And kingdom shall be thine.

THE WAY

From the beginning 'twas decreed
That Christ the infinite should reign,
And, conqueror over death and hell,
Stand supreme, eternal, solitary,
In his might.
Solitary, but not alone,
For man, of God's great victory
The gracious fruit shall share
By virtue of His charity,
And, heir of God, co-heir with Him,
Divide the inheritance of heaven;
The which without the Christly cross,
The crux of His victorious fight,
He never could have done.
It was the cross and the rough road
From Bethel's lowly manger to
Golgotha's gory top; the cross,
Infamous, now revered, which gained
The mastery over death and oped
To man the only path to heaven,
To which all roads by sin were barred,
Save that by Calvary's dolorous way,
Which unexplored and unexplorable,
Except by Him, He gladly trod,
Although with infinite pain and tears,
And walking, marked the way for man.

NOT BREAD ALONE

Thou shalt not live by bread alone,
But all the words of God.
This truth, like every truth of God,
Exemplifies itself in men
And their condition shows
Its wondrous potency.
Where bread alone absorbs men's thoughts
Men hungry even are for bread.

Where God's live word precedeth bread
And animates men's very lives,
The finer, higher, better, brings
The coarser, lower, grosser with it,
As though it did equip a man
The better to accomplish,
For God doth know that man
Of bread hath need.
So, those who seek the kingdom first
The needful things have added them.
Thus wealth and power and manly place
Attend the Christian nations of the world.

ETERNITY

If all the atoms on the shore
Were multiplied as many more;
The product thus secured would be
Compareless with eternity.

If some all penetrating eye
Could count the stars that stud the sky,
And every star an age should be,
'Twould not suggest eternity.

If all the atoms, every star,
Thus calculated, doubled were,
The years thus noted still would be
No shadow of eternity.

Then, traveller to this vast abyss,
Reflect and ponder over this:
The spirit's immortality
Is endless as eternity.

'TIS NOT MY PRAYER

'Tis not my prayer, Oh, God, that I
Be raised to some exalted sphere,
Where nothing sinful can come nigh,
And no temptation can appear.

I fain would live where guilt and sin
Are all around me, as of here,
With faith and love so strong within
That sin could find no entrance there.

'Tis not that I might fly away
When Satan's mighty host I see,
But stand so steadily that they
Will cry aloud and fly from me:

That captives to his subtle wrath
May from their prisons see the might
That solidates a Christian's path,
And from my victory learn to fight.

TRUST

There's but splendor in the lightning
When its angry missiles fly;
There's but grandeur in the whirlwind
When it sweeps across the sky;
There's no terror in the earthquake,
There's no threat in surging sea;
There's but music in the shock and shake
Of nature's harmony.

There is beauty in the desert,
There are riches in its sand;
There is singing in the forest,
There is joy on every hand;
There is sweetness even in sorrow,
There is pleasure even in pain,

There's submission in reverses,
And in losses there is gain.

For my soul is resting sweetly
In the haven of the Lord;
I have listened to his soothing,
I have leaned upon his word;
I have learned to trust him wholly
Who did walk on Galilee;
Who stilled its storm and angry wave
Has strength to care for me.

SLEEP SWEETLY, LOVE

Sleep sweetly, Love! Sleep, kindly sleep!
May softest dreams her eyelids keep
Throughout the starry night;
Bright angels, guard her holy bed,
Around her couch sweet halos shed,
Spirits of light.

Sleep sweetly, Love! The warm night breeze
Moves softly through the lofty trees
In pleasant melody;
The night takes up the hallowed strain
And wafts it back to God again
In prayer for thee.

CONEMAUGH

The hand of destruction reached forth from the
grave
And dipped its foul fingers in Conemaugh's wave;
And Conemaugh brake as she never before,
And her deep bosom quivered from center to shore.

Like a deer in the forest she leaped in her fright,
Like a giant in anger she swelled in her might;
Her bonds and her vestures of granite and clay
She dashed in her panic like dry leaves away.

The foam of her torrent her fury swept down
Where Johnstown and Cambria lay flooded and
dun—

Ten thousand there are who never shall know
Whence came the destroyer, what hand struck the
blow.

And many there are who contemptuously death
Looked on and tempered the might of his breath—
Their minds are as temples whose altars are gone,
Unlovely, unhallowed, forsaken, undone.

And Conemaugh's beauty is swept by the wave,
And Conemaugh's sons are forbidden a grave,
And Conemaugh's bosom is stricken and sore;
She laughs and is glad with her children no more.

TO —

I see thee as thou wert, not as thou art,
All beauty-crowned with happy golden days
And nights of glory; when but praise
Was coupled with thy beauty; and the ways
Of goodness only had their day spring in thy heart—
I see thee as thou wert, not as thou art.

Both grace and gracious attributes in thee
Met like two snow-fed, pouring mountain streams,
That, melting, mix their brilliant beams,
Creating one superb result which gleams
In splendid glory until it reach the sea;
Glory unthinkable save in dreams and thee.

I see thee as thy cheek, fair as the morn
Fresh risen from her dew besprinkled bed,
Matched the bright splendor of the flowers which
shed

Their passing beauty round in pink and white and
red.

Thou wert indeed the fairest flower born!
But from its spotless garden, aye, so ruthless torn.

I see thee as thou wert, not as thou art.
I see thee plainly as in those sweet days—
I see thee— but I cannot paint the rays
Of sun and moon commingled. I can but gaze
Upon thee, mirrowed fondly in my heart,
And see thee as thou wert—not as thou art.

DEATH OF ROY COLLINS

He is dead, and his mother's hopes are dead;
Her heart is crushed; she can scarcely speak;
But the tears which silently trace her cheek,
Her clasped hands, her eyes upraised
To the far away where her love has gone,
Her anguish tell.

Is there then no comfort here
For the broken heart? and the tear
That flows, must it still flow on
Till the mind is wrecked and reason gone?
Prayer! prayer! can dumb lips pray?
Will prayer her bitter anguish heal,
Will prayer the cure to her soul reveal
And turn to day

The bitter night
Of her spirit's blight?
Prayer! prayer! oh, leave her alone
With her darling dead and her bitter moan,
With her darling dead and her bitter moan.

Does the swift Rapidan flow now more softly
Because of the death of the beautiful youth;
Because of the spirit let loose in its bosom
From the bosom of him who was honor and truth?

Cruel river, drink sweetness and flow not more
softly!

Your drinking was nought but a wanton draught;
Why take you a life when it makes you no richer,
Why cruelly ply your treacherous craft?

What care you for the tears of a mother,
Whose heart is broke for what you have done?
The heart in your bosom's as cold and unfeeling
As the snow in a land never touched by the sun.

On to the sea with no touch of compassion
Hurried the flood that crushed out his life.
Out in the ocean beating and battling
Nature continues forever in strife.
Up and down, up and down, like the pulse of a
heartbeat,
The elements stir in movements sublime—
The death of a man's an incident only,
A moment, no more, in an ocean of time.

THE CANYON

Have you ever seen the beautiful falls,
The falls of the Yellowstone,
And the mountains steep and the Canyon deep?
If, not, go there alone
And stand if you may where the night and day
Kiss and part with a sigh,
While the stars which glow in the stream below
Lisp back to the stars on high;
And the river runs with a soothing roar
And the sound of an endless break;
And the mountains croon from rock and cone,
But the Canyon calls "awake,
Oh, thou that sleepest, awake."

Up from the well of its lowermost cell,
With an eerie voice and a weird spell,
The Canyon calls "awake."

The Canyon does not speak to the mind;
It does not speak to the ear;
It speaks to the soul with an endless roll
And only the soul can hear.

Stand still on the Canyon's brink
And gaze on its depths below;
Your soul will the soul of the Canyon drink
And the soul of the Canyon know;
The arms of your soul will enclose
The soul of the Canyon nigh;
And the eye of your soul will see
The glow of the Canyon sky.

Thus on the Canyon's brink,
With the soul of the Canyon near—
Be still, my soul and the Canyon's soul,
Lest God himself appear!

Contend that the river runs,
Contend that the mountains rise,
The harmony of their thousand guns
Is the random chance of the skies;
Try thus to think, to speak;
Draw hard on the infidel's art;
The voices say in an eerie way,
"Thus the fool hath said in his heart,
My child;
Thus the fool hath said in his heart."

Out of the river and out of the well
Of the Canyon and the gloom,
Arises the mist of the Canyon's spell,
Hushed as the air of a tomb;
And the mountains bend to hear,
And the worshiping waterfalls pour,
And the soul of the Canyon lingers near
Infinity's mystical shore;
And my soul and the beautiful Canyon's soul
Stood once on Infinity's shore.

Stood I there on the Canyon's brink,
On the brink of an infinite shore,

And looked into the Canyon's soul,
As I'd look through an open door.
And heard the sound of the Canyon's roll,
As I'd hear through an open door.
Low and sweet, low and sweet,
Like an angel's song of love,
Comes the voice of the Canyon's soul complete
With a mother's wonderful love;
And I am a child in my mother's arms
Asleep in a land of love.

Another voice of a tender tone
Draws out of the deepening night;
I bend to hear as it gathers near
With an innocent child's delight;
And Helen takes my hand in her's
As an elder sister might;
And smoothes my cheek and calms my fears,
As an elder sister might.

Thus on the Canyon's brink
I heark to the Canyon's soul,
To things so sweet I cannot think
'Tis but the river's roll;
I know 'tis the voice of my loved and lost
Communing with my soul;
And this eerie place is a hallowed place,
This hour a holy hour;
Its clinging moisture drops of grace
From Heaven's sacred bower;
And the dew on my head and the tears on my face
A sweet baptismal shower.

With passing of the twilight gloom
The Canyon's sea takes on a new
And glorious aspect. The deep boom
And thunder of the falls assume
A cheery tone; the moon's rays strew
The vast abyss with dancing beams,
And vibrant hills and singing streams.
The mellow images and sounds,

Which held the soul a moment since,
Yield dreamily to gayer rounds,
Though no less potent to convince
Than those which poured upon the shore
Their softer melody before.

The murmurs mounting from the floor,
The notes that echo roll on roll,
Release a thousand tongues to pour
The sweetness of their magic store
In music wildly o'er the soul;
And cavern, temple, spire and dome,
Imagination's brood, become
The homes of dancing sprites that raise
Their sounding batons in the air
With songs of melody and praise
To curious gods residing there,
Creations of the gazer's mind,
Worked out for it by rain and wind.

When through the vaulted heavens apace
The full moon rising her full height,
Ah, the entrancing scene, the grace
And climax of the glorious night;
Compressed excellence of bliss,
The all-surpassing sight that is!
The river runs—a silver thread—
Suspended in a golden cup;
The rich haze rising from its bed
In purple waves comes softly up
To mingle with the sable frieze
And miles of stately tapestries,
Hung by the master painter there,
Whose giant brush, Lo! untold days,
Has caught the colors of the air,
The sombre and the debonair,
And mixed them with the moon's pale rays,
Producing those vast, hanging, seas
Of color purposed but to please.

I bless the solitary hour

Spent there in contemplative frame!
'Tis with me still in pleasing power,
To charm and fascinate the same
As when I stood a worshiper
Upon the Canyon's eerie shore.

MOUNT SHASTA

I saw thee, Shasta, and the sight was good;
I saw thee when the sun was low,
Illumining thy lofty crown
Set with eternal snow.

I saw thee, Mighty Monarch, and
My thoughts reverting flew
Back to the time when man was not
And this old earth was new.

I saw thee when the expiring sun
Shattered his arrows on thy crest,
And thy deep bosom darkly slept
Soft on thy mother's breast.

High lifted up above the world
Thine ancient crest is caught;
Upon thy lofty battlements
Omnipotence hath wrought.

But how that cloven crest, Old King,
That deep unclosing scar?
Did once some power mysterious
Join thee in mortal war?

Before the day when puny man,
Or creeping thing, had birth,
What fearsome force of heaven or hell
Bestrode the infant earth

Whose sword upon thy boastful skull
Smote hard and deep and wide,
And left its scar indelible
Upon thy western side?

Supreme the battle's wakening,
The earthquake and the shock,
When heat and cold and storm with thee
In dreadful conflict lock.

Supreme the contest's noise and din,
The desolation dire;
The lava stream, the raging flood,
The smoke, the smell, the fire.

But out of all the battle shock,
Wearing thy lofty crown,
Victorious, thou standest,
Looking the ages down.

A snowflake is thy coronet,
A bed of bloom thy throne;
For summer weds with wintertime
Where Shasta reigns alone.

MILITANT AND ARSONETTE

Vanquished are Olympus' gods,
Their feet with rare libations wet;
Still, round her temples multitudes
Burn incense on their altars yet.

The soul of Greece, it still survives
With wondrous power, though Greece be gone;
Wherever art and beauty meet
It speaks in fragrant verse and stone.

And yet Orpheus' song was hushed
By jealous furies' howls and fuss;
Militant suffragettes of Greece!
Their souls are still abroad with us.

These like to those in furious wrench,
These like to those in mad attack;
Murder and arson on the bench;
Peace and order on the rack.

Suffering Albion, how long
Must you endure their fury flame?
How long ere reason will return
And terminate their deeds of shame?

What they demand with fire and blood
They show themselves unfit to own;
Lawless unfranchised, would they prove
Less mad and lawless on the throne?

Thank God, we of Columbia say,
Our womenkind are women yet;
Protect us, loyally we pray,
From Militant and Arsonette,

Lest in their madness they shall crush
The soul of all that's womanly;
Robbing our women of their strength,
Shackling them to make them free.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS YELLOWSTONE PARK

With infinite patience and infinite care
The great maker of marvels has constructed here,
Till the structure erected looks down on the vale,
Vies with the mountain, and kisses the gale.

And builded so hugely! Yet, builded so rare!
With the skill of an artist and the mode and the air
Of the curious magician, it rises and glows
With the strength of the hills and the tints of the
rose.

When the vexed heavens roar and the lance of the
Lord
Darts with the splendor and power of the sword;
And the pine trees surrounding groan as they sway,
Thou art as calm as a morning in May.

I gaze on thy beauty; I seek to discern
The source of thy glory; the causes which turn
Thy crystals to colors; I find but a word
To answer my query, 'tis the hand of the Lord.

Upbuilding for centuries unnumbered, thy wall,
Slow growing, has answered the omnipotent call
Of him who ordained thee, his infinite rod,
The power and might and the patience of God.

THE DEATH OF HECTOR

Thus fell great Hector on Illium's plain,
Before Troy's wall, by Achilles' spear,
Betrayed by Pallas:

Fleeing the Trojans are; the Greeks pursue;
The one to gain the walls; the other too.
Hector to delay the victors seeks;
Without the walls he waits the coming Greeks,
Challenges Achilles, whose heaven wrought armor
bright
Strikes Priam's noble son with weird fright
And Hector flees. Troy's walls he thrice doth trace,
Pursued by Achilles—a noble race.
Both speed and breath Apollo doth sustain;
Hector loses not nor doth Achilles gain;
Deceived by Pallas Hector turns to face

The son of Thetis and his flight retrace;
His fate decreed, unfaltering, unafraid,
He seeks the contest. Patroclus' debt is paid.

WAR

The grand in war, the clash of steel,
The smoking cannon's loud report,
The whirring shot, the rifle's peal,
The hero's deeds—all these, and all
The heroic, chivalric, daring, all
Hath song enshrined in cot and court.
But warfare hath a chord whose tones
The poet's fancies seldom sound:
The breaking hearts, the departing spirit's groans,
The dying soldier's thoughts—all these, and all
The woeful, terrible, and all
That hem war's other side around

She hath her grandeur, and her pomp hath war,
But, oh, strike deeper, half so sad a sigh
The pestilence in its mad career
Does not produce as that which comes;
It mocks the sound of the martial drums
As the martial ranks pass by.
It moans a mother's despairing love;
It weeps her woe in its saddest sound;
It wails of death as the columns move;
It falls and rises, and rises and falls,
And starts and trembles; it stays and appalls.
It weeps of a minnie that shattered the glory
Of dying and killing; it shrieks like a shell
When it comes to the chorus that pictures the story
How thousands were slain in the battle's hell.

Those mortal fingers that have strung
This other chord of martial song;
Oh, had those lips ten thousand sung!

Oh, that I could some sound prolong
Whose tones would temper the mad zeal
That glorifies man's last appeal.
But poets sing and warriors tell,
In wondrous strains, the pomp of war,
And murderous genius' arts invent
New implement of battlement,
And Mars is still the reigning star,
And the other chord is still.
It will sound again in our hearts some day
When war our land in terror plunges;
And women's hearts are sabres' prey,
And the bloody bayonet grinds and lunges
Through gristle and bone, and the very tone
Of hell attunes to the battle's moan.
On the desolate field; in the suffering camp;
In the midst of our homes—we will hear it when
Our sons, our brothers, lie cold and damp,
Torn and disfigured, among dead men.

TO —

When meet by chance a bashful boy and maid
They straightly turn and run away;
She walks no more where once she daily strayed,
And he remembers her each livelong day;
Thus we by chance did meet and thus we part
To meet no more—you to the West,
I to the East shall shortly start.
May fortune serve us both her best.
You to strangers go; I to my native hearth;
You to strangers, I to hosts of friends;
Friends you will lack not, they'll have birth
Where'er your kindly countenance lends
Its pleasant sunshine. May your share
Of California's joys be large and free;
Your pleasure there, may it compare
To what I think my own will be
When home's green hillsides I shall see.

If ever these poor lines should startle you,
(You knew not I was given to versing)
I pray with patience you will read them through,
Nor scorn me for my bashful nursing
Of my muse to speed you neatly
And wish you many a long tomorrow,
As full of joy and love completely
As life will let a mortal borrow.
If the few songs I hope to shortly offer
To the public meet with generous favor
These lines which here I kindly proffer
You may of some int'rest savor ;
Or, if in oblivion I am doomed to stay
And herd amongst the unfamed swarm
The hand of friendship tendered you to-day—
It can, at least, work you no harm.

UNTO THE PERFECT DAY

Elect Lady, in whom the graces find
Center, crowning heart and mind
With pleasing beauty ; unto you,
In whom all goodness is combined,
My verse I tender and my song renew.

Gentle manner, exceeding common meed,
Refines with sweetness every deed ;
And carriage queenly tenders grace
To what no added graces need
To raise it to its high, superior, place.

Charming culture, both intellect and soul
Unite, excelling far the whole
Of many splendid ; fortune left
To you its choicest, then its scroll
It sealed. It had no likewise gift.

Not much it be above the commonplace
To rise, displaying better grace

And culture, better goodness too;
Not much o'er common crop to trace
Superior lines, but 'tis, Elect, to you

Amongst the best exalted still to rise
Brilliant, adorning brilliant skies;
The brightest, sole superior, star,
To whom no adjective applies
Excepting one: "Supreme," and that you are.

Aden distant! I hope not distant far
When all shall be as now you are;
Thence, sooner, all to love's abode
Shall reach, nor evil shade debar
The spirit's free communion with its God.

Superior day, when every man shall be
Of all debasing, evil, passions free;
And raised in that mellifluent morn
To a superior, godlike, quality,
The day to honor and adorn.

Welcome, indeed, Millennium's happy field,
Verdant, blossom'ing its gracious yield
Of good; there, mankind living nigh
To God, (his blessed hand revealed,)
God seems revealed himself to human eye.

Welcome, indeed, the day when human mold
Shall live disencumbered of the hold
Of constant wearing, constant weight
Of constant evil, hell untold,
Which sits high reigning in its state

Above the race. If there were some surcease,
One moment were a pause of peace
And battle respite, gaining strength,
Hope there might be that such release
To perfect freedom might attain at length.

But ending not, the pressure wrecks the soul,
And hope discouraged yields the goal;
Its spirit, weary, sinks beneath
The tireless demon's bad control,
And looks for comfort only in its death.

Wonder, indeed, men live as e'en they do,
To fight discouraged with the crew
Of demons, who, with constant claws,
Both rend and pierce them through and through,
To end them after with their gruesome jaws.

Upon the wall two little specks I see
Black on the white as black can be—
My little soul and yours, Oh, man,
Two flecks within infinity—
Tell me, for growing what's your plan?

Speechless you are, and speechless, too, are they;
Yet, as men live, there is a way;
Our fathers lived, and we survive
Unto a better, juster, happier, day;
Our sons succeed us; theirs shall also live.

Lesson sublime, by hist'ry's pages taught,
Evident fact, with comfort fraught:
Man's soul grows stronger age by age;
Full strength will come as it is caught,
Little by little, from the sacred page.

Tell me, Oh, man, hast thou an arm like God?
Canst thunder like to him, poor clod,
Trample the proud and cast the haughty down
And lay them all beneath the cov'ring sod;
Or frame from nought thy destined glory crown?

Puny finite, you fail in test like this!
Learn you then Wisdom's hand to kiss,
And bending humbly at her bubbling font

Discern the knowledge that there is
In store sufficient for your wont.

Courage assume, nor dread to stand alone,
Battling, defying, skin to bone,
With Pluto's powers! while you count
In scores of millions only one,
You're one of millions all amount

As one, en masse; no hand can keep them down—
Struggling, groaning, dying; city, town,
To desert dweller, all, en masse,
With one vast yearning for the crown
Which lies before them, storm the pass

And forge ahead to the Elysian grove,
Beck'ning, odorous, abloom with love
And heaven sweetness; godly gift,
Jehovah's constancy to prove,
Since Eden's first disloyal rift.

This is the great, the precious gift of God:
Pitying mankind, above the clod
The quenchless spirit to ascend,
And still ascend. He gave the rod
Lest man should weaken, hesitate and bend.

Upward, upward, slow from the primal brute,
Lashing bloodthirstily in soot
And spawnly horror of the dawn
Of crawling things of lust and loot,
Impelled by pity we are drawn.

Upward, upward, slow climbing, year by year,
Through superstition; worshiper
At Moloch's altar, Baal's grove,
Isis' sensuous temple, Jupiter,
(Rough path toward the hills of love),

The race arose. And thence man to attain
Selfish advantage, selfish gain—
God, though served selfishly, the whole
Raised to a less abhorrent plane
Of horror, and disclosed a soul.

Pigmy immortal! could such low pattern live
The great creator praise to give
And service, serving out of love?
Were such the concrete of the sieve
Of Great Jehovah? Would he prove

His greatness thus, and stay his hand, content
With thing unworth'est, serpent bent;
With creature crawling in the slime,
Spewing meanness and to terror lent,
An abject nothing for all time?

Age succeeds age, and Rome succeeds to Greek;
Art yields to oar and piercing beak;
The Vandals break the casque of Rome,
And through her temples treasure seek
To build their newer, better, home.

The passing years, and Rome renews her birth,
Adopts the cross and challenges the earth;
Assumes the sole prerogative to bind
And loose, until with spacious, pompous, girth
She lords it super-kingly o'er mankind.

Christian and Turk, assuming hostile mood,
Sabre for scimeter and blood for blood—
The carnage cruel shocks the sky,
Mute gazing on the sick'ning flood,
And asking silently the why?

Battle appeal! Oh, sacred field of Tours!
Islam repulsed, the glory's yours!
The aspiring Crescent yields the fight,

And softly on your bloody meadows pours
The Cross' purer, sweeter, nobler light.

Zion renewed, her slipping feet reshod
On Tours resplendent field, for God
On Britain's soil she builds anew,
When Alfred great beneath the rod
Passed humbly with an humble few.

Suff'ring, dying, deep plunged in seas of blood;
Struggling, appealing, striving, Britain stood;
Father and son, contending, hostile, brave,
Give stroke for stroke, and then the flood
Sweeps both into a common grave.

Father and son, still hostile unto death;
Catholic, Churchman, Puritan, beneath
The cruel, grinding, handicap of creed,
Their swords unbuckle and their lives bequeath
Unconscious to the races need.

Battle appeal! Great Janus' hand suppressed;
New knowledge votes his cohorts rest,
And commerce crying, curses wars
As likely to deplete its chest,
Tie up its vessels, stop its speeding cars.

So, out of all, the suff'ring, war and trade,
Creed and vanity, scimeter and blade,
Mankind emerges nearer to the light,
The which has drawn him from the shade
And utter darkness of his primal night.

From mud and slime and from the ugly spawn
Of ign'rance, fear and blood; the pawn
Of man's unhumanness and greed,
Advancing yet unto the breaking dawn
Of better things and nobler creed.

Toward the Light, constructing on himself,
Arises man; on greed and pelf,
Corpse piled on corpse,—a horrid stone
On which to lay the solid shelf,
Wherefrom the race shall step into its own.

Instinct? Impulse? the groping of the blind?
The lashing of the senseless brute? The mind,
Unconscious working, senses light,
The signal of the Fatherkind,
To guide man to the highest, noblest, height.

And now, no more the groping in the dark,
No more the bitter building on the bark
Of snarling creatures. In the sky
The light shines clearly, and the hark
Of angels' shoutings draws men quicker nigh.

Centuries shining, but only understood
As men grow capable—the good,
Good star of Bethlehem the Blest
Proclaims of men the Brotherhood,
And for mankind the noblest and the best.

Future glorious, Oh, golden days to come!
Fruitage loveliest, rooted though in scum
And filthy stream, slow moving through the Past,
Like water lily springing from the dumb,
Dark slime to burst and bloom at last,

A thing of light, drawn by the light above,
From out its darksome place into the love
And tender nurture of the blessed sun,
To bloom in beauty, and to move
At last in glory, where in shame begun.

In shame begun! and clothed in clothes of shame,
Begirt with noisesome things, Belial's name
The highest name; thence to the glorious end

Where "Christ" is regnant, Burning Flame,
The perfect future of the race doth tend.

Oh, perfect day! By centuries pages told!
Oh, beauteous day! the splendor and the gold
Of Heaven's chalice, thrice refined and pure!
Oh, wond'rous day, when love that maketh bold,
Of every ill hath worked her perfect cure!

Momentous time! no more the groaning mass;
No more the pride, contempt and arrogance of class;
No more the pouring out the precious blood
To gratify the blatant-braying ass,
Declaiming that the battle's leech is good.

Transcendent day! when living peace shall reign,
When breaking hearts shall feel no more the pain;
When age shall sing the bouyant songs of youth,
The joyous, glad, hosanna strain
From heaven's resplendent repertoire of truth.

No more the pain, no more the weeping eye,
And no more surge nor sea; the sky
Which brooded darkly o'er the troubled race
No more shall lower angrily
To urge man to his stubborn, upward, pace.

Victorious day! Death also swallowed up!
No more the bitter dregs of bitter cup;
No more the earth to earth, the dust to dust,
Nor vacant seat twixt those that sup,
The canker and the iron's rust.

Triumphant day! No more the curse of sin;
No more the gloom shall shut life's splendor in;
Mankind shall learn to trace the thoughts of Him,
And, piercing distant realms of space, begin
And end the mystery of the heaven's rim.

From space to space, from distant star to star;
Where circling comets trace their courses far,
Like fiery chargers through the mystic sky,
Bespeaking pestilence's train and war,
Shall follow man's calm, comprehensive, eye.

Prepared to serve, to serve in glorious things,
Man's mind, in glorious freedom, winged with wings
Celestial, soaring highest height on height,
To where the furthest tuneful planet swings,
Shall take its unrestricted, joyous, flight.

Glory supreme! No less could justify
The fullness of the power and dignity
Of him who mankind made, Him to proclaim,
His matchless glory, majesty,
His gracious love and wondrous name.

THE SLEEPING QUARTETTE

Tom Trail and Greenshields, Jim Trail and him
Who is the scribo, they lived together
On Hog Creek, Duck Creek and the other
Waterless waterways of Western Texas,
Back in the days of good Saint Alexis.
Lex was the patientest sort of a saint
And would be yet, except that he ain't,
Having quitted the saintship business when
Raisin' stock yielded to raisin' of grain;
For the gracious old saint, he was so much disgusted
When stockmen morphosed themselves into grangers,
That he raved and he tore and he sure nearly busted,
So, cussin' the country, the times and the strangers,
He packed up his kit and he stretched out his traces
And pulled up his freight for less modest places.

Them sure was high times when good old Saint
Lex
Was saint and sheep and cattle was rex;
And the range it was wide and the grass it was free,

And the stock was as fat as they ever could be.
And 'twas zip, zip, bang, for the man with a fence
And a sure get away to the cold kingdom hence;
For God made the range and he sure made it free,
And God made the water for you and for me;
And he never intended a fence it should pass
Twixt any man's cattle and water and grass.

Them sure was good days and that same good
quartette
First mentioned herein, they slept and they et
Where night and the taste for grub flingin' came;
And they slept on the ground and they et on the
same.

They all slept together, if the night it was cold,
Each one of the four in his own blanket rolled,
Then all up together, and all side by side,
Six measured feet long, five measured feet wide.
Oh, indeed and indeed, 'twas a real christian sight
To see that quartette on a cold frosty night,
Each keeping the other as warm as a toast,
And them in the middle baked near to a roast.

Greenshields he slept on the northernmost end
Because he was fat and was everyone's friend;
And Jim Trail he formed the southernmost row
Because he was big and good natured too;
And Tom Trail and him, they slept in the middle
Where they fitted as slick as the tune to a fiddle.
And oh, and indeed, 'twas a real christian sight.
To see that bunch sleep on a cold frosty night.

Greenshields slept bass and the tenor was him,
Tom he was alto and soprano was Jim;
And they all slept together and there never was yet
Such splendid accord nor such sleeping as that.

They slept and their sleeping was such harmony
That the sight was as good as a Sunday School tree.

The birds and the beasts and the varmints all came
To see the sweet sight—and lend their acclaim.
The bull he would bellow and bawl with delight
And paw up the ground at the sight of the sight;
The lamb he would bleat and hang down his head,
For the peace of the sleepers his meekness outdid;
And the coyote would howl and the rattlesnake
rattle,
And the owl and the raven most noisily prattle;
The skunk he would weep and the possum he'd fall
In a faint at the beauty and grace of it all.
For ah, and indeed, 'twas a real christian sight
The way them men slept on a still frosty night.

If the wind was some gusty and a staccado sleep
Was effected, the brutes they would gather ten deep;
The bulls and the cows they would waltz to the tune
And coquette and flirt in the light of the moon;
The pony he'd reel at the end of his tether,
And the coyote and lamb they would two step to-
gether;
The skunk and the possum they would grin and
grimace
And sashay around with exquisite grace;
The snake he would hiss, making love to the toad,
And the badger would do a hot jig in the road.
For ah, and indeed, 'twas a real lively sight,
The way them men slept on a cold windy night.

When the rain it came down on the sleeping
quartette,
They'd pull up their slickers to keep out the wet,
Then the sound of their sleeping was as sad as the sea
As nightly it breaks on deep Galilee.
And the beasts and the reptiles they'd swing and
they'd sway
In beastly bad time to the faint melody,
Till the bull and the cow by their grief overcome
Would fall in a faint and be carried off home;

The coyote would laugh in hysterical style,
And the polecat would faint, but the possum he'd
 smile;
The snake he would rest on the toad and the snail,
While the prairie dog propped himself up with his
 tail;
The badger he'd bury himself in his hole,
And the lamb he'd just die from pure surplus of soul;
For ah, and indeed, 'twas a real touching sight
The way them men slept on a cold rainy night.

However the night when the morning light broke
They'd cut out the sleeping as soon as they woke,
And the birds and the beasts, the snakes and the
 toads
Would tearfully leave by their various roads.

A SCRAP OF CONVERSATION

A norther comes from the nor-norwest
And shifts off to the north.
No need to chronicle the rest—
Its cold for all its worth.
A norther comes with a zip and a bang
And a roar and a freezing foot,
And a norther comes from the nor-norwest
With a face like a cloud of soot.

The wind it blew one windy night,
It blew straight from the north;
A norther 'twas, 'twas a-blowin' right
And cold for all 'twas worth.
And all of us was settin' round,
A settin' tight was we,
A settin' round the fire we was
As close as we could be.

Said George Greenshields: I hope 'twill blow
Its gizzard out and stop!
If this here wind should bring a snow
The market sure will drop;
And them damn sheep in that there pen
Will freeze as stiff as hell
Unless we get some hay and corn
And fill their bellies well.

Tom Trail responded: George, that's true,
The very truth you tell,
If it should snow with this here wind
They'll freeze as sure as hell;
They sure will freeze as stiff as sticks,
So we had better go
To town and try to get some hay
In case that it should snow.

Jim Trail rejoined: Oh, pshaw, the sky
Is clear as any bell.
There ain't no sorter chance for snow,
Or I'll be damned to hell;
I'm something of a weather sharp.
The wind is too damned high;
Why, this here wind, 'twould almost blow
The stars out of the sky.

Scribo put in: But weather's queer,
And sometimes you can't tell,
I've seen a higher wind than this
Bring snow to beat all hell.
In Mar'land where I uster live,
In Mar'land, don't you know,
No odds how high the wind might be
'Twas sure as hell to snow.

CONCHO

Hail, thou delightful province, proud domain,
Great, growing empire of the South and West,
The brightest star in freedom's brilliant train—
Texas—at once the vastest and the best;
And Concho's hills, the fairest of your brood,
Though all are fair and all are great and good.

From that rough ridge, coy Eden's high divide,
How sweet the view! the kindly flowing land,
In gentle swells and valleys not o'erwide,
Leisurely falling to the silv'ry river's strand,
Where groves of pecan trees sway, bending to the
wind,
Suggest full many a pleasant spot and many a luscious find.

Set here and there a bloss'ning cotton field,
Rich with the purple of the rip'ning pod,
Offers sweet incense of its golden yield
In mingled praise and thankfulness to God.
Hark back, my soul, in recollective mood
To Duck Creek's sylvan source and Hog Creek's
tideless flood.

There many an eve and many a pleasant night,
When smiles the full moon on the laughing land,
The amorous mocking bird, his mate's delight,
Thrills the lone sleeper with his singing grand.
He dreams of heaven—his slumbering soul has heard
Music almost divine from earth's divinest bird.

And there at noon, when all the world is white
And blistering sunbeams smite the shivering plain,
His herd at rest, an active, kiddish wight
Scours hill and dell for curious, boyish gain,
Arrow heads and hammers, crude relics of the day
When Indian warriors, dusky souls, maintained their
savage sway;

Or ghastlier relics, if perchance his care
A warrior's rude last resting place explore,
And such small things as Indians loved to wear,
Glass beads and trinkets, fall into his store.
Sometimes a leaden ball or rusting blade is found
Not taken by its owner to the Happy Hunting
Ground.

There many a morn, when first the rising sun
Points his mad chargers through the autumn sky,
Is seen the phantom mirage, on the earth begun,
Mount with the splendor of a mystic world on high,
Peopling the heavens with its pictures rare,
Painted on nature's canvas suspended in the air.

When slipped past ancient Moro's rocky crest
Boreas, charging madly, sweeps the shaking plain,
Both herd and herder in protected coverts rest
Till three days brings the Gulf breeze back again.
God bless the Gulf breeze! how flies the snow and
sleet,
How springs the early floweret beneath its gentle
feet!

And there when pleasant, brooding spring, with
velvet touch o'er all
Her grassy carpet spreads with generous hand,
Resound the madly hurrying cowboy's whoop and
call,
And rushing steeds go thundering down the land.
The spring roundups are on; mothers, calves and
sires
Rush lowing, bawling, bellowing, toward the brand-
ing fires.

Roused by the lumbering cattle from his pleasant
grassy lair
The impish coyote slips with cautious glance aside.
A prankish rider spies his gliding, yellow hair,

Spurs up his wiry pony and swings his lariat wide
Thrice round him as he goes, lets fly the oblong ring
And takes the prairie slinker in the tightening string,

Nor slacks his furious speed ; man, wolf and horse
Pursue the bawling brutes in one outlandish pace ;
The captured coyote tires—so much for him the
worse—

And bumps the stones and cacti in the mad'ning race
Till breath is gone. An angel coyote lies
A guaranteed pure breakfast for the crows and flies.

At Sheepman Steigall's waterhole the thundering
bands unite
In one great noisy, milling bunch ; then horn
On horn begins to crack and bulls and heifers fight,
And maddened mothers seek their lately born,
Lost in the melee of the grind. The cutting men
prepared,
With quirt in hand, begin in haste to cut the motley
herd.

WEST WIND

Come slumber, sweet stranger, encompass thy
chain
About our tired limbs and bear us again
To Morpheus' halls, elysium sweet,
Than palaces royal a kinder retreat.
Come on thy soft wings to eyelids unblest,
The sky will be clearing, the wind's in the west ;
The sky will be clearing e'er morning and then
The fortune now trembling will steady again ;
The river now barring hope's silvery shore,
Boatless and bridgeless, will then be froze o'er ;
And, like the penitent, nor money nor price
Will be needed to pass us—we'll cross on the ice.

Three days the cold snow drifts like mountains
have grown,
Three days the cold north winds nimberous have
blown;
Three days and three nights, through the wind and
the snow,
We've waited and hoped for the west wind's sweet
blow.
It has come, it has come, and the clouds drive away,
And a lone star peeps down like a meteor at play;
And out to the sunset a faint streak of light
Sets off the tall pines on the bleak mountain height.
These break on our sight more precious than gold,
And more stars look down on the snow covered
wold.
Our breasts swell with gladness, our fears are at
rest;
We shout at thy coming, sweet Wind of the West.

ONLY A GREASER

Only a Greaser! what matters it?
Only a Greaser and less than a cur,
Only a Greaser the bullet hit
As it cleft the air with its startling whirl.

Only a Greaser a grave to fill,
Shot to death by the coward McGill
Who bore him a grudge and shot to kill.
Shot by chance, the jury think.
Shot by chance: the jury wink.

Only a Greaser to fill a pit;
Only a Greaser whose door is locked,
Whose light is out. But that is not it—
A murder is done and justice mocked.

Only a Greaser mother who mopes
In a mud covered hut on the Rio Grande;
Only a Greaser mother who gropes
For the picket door with her palsied hand
At every step on the bordering sand.

Only a Greaser mother—no friends
Her part to take, her wrong avenge;
Only a Greaser mother who sends
Her prayer to God, "Avenge, Avenge."

Only a Greaser sister who cries:
"Oh, powerful land of the northern skies,
"Take down the stripes so grandly that wave,
"Your justice's a bastard, your freedom's a slave."

TOM MAGILL

All to your holes! I'm Tom Magill!
I'm mad as the devil and out to kill!
All to your holes! There's blood in my eye!
I'm out to kill or else to die!
Damn! Damn! Damn! Damn!
I'm Tom Magill!

What's the matter with Tom Magill?
His woman's took up with a Greaser.

All to your holes! I'm Tom Magill!
I'm ready to shoot and I'm out to kill!
I'm out to kill or else to die!
I'm a son of a—! There's fire in my eye!
Damn! Damn! Damn! Damn!
I'm Tom Magill!

What's the matter with Tom Magill?
His woman's took up with a Greaser.

Into your holes, the whole damn town,
Friends and foes and fasten 'em down!
I'm out to shoot and shoot to kill!
I'm mad as hell! I'm Tom Magill!
Damn! Damn! Damn! Damn!
I'm Tom Magill!

What's the matter with Tom Magill?
His woman's took up with a Greaser.

OUR RANCH

Ho, Ho, for our ranch and its grand waterholes,
With their million fat skeeters and fatter tadpoles,
Their myriad of wigglers without and with name;
Ho, Ho, for ranch and hurrah for the same.

Duck Creek has her fountains, Hog Creek has her
pools!
When the seasons are rainy, they're fuller than fools,
And the skeeters and wigglers their glory proclaim,
With a buzz for our ranch and a whiz for the same.

Ho, Ho, for our ranch and hurrah for the same!
We call it "anon," as it hasn't a name;
Ho, Ho, for our ranch and its grand waterholes,
Their million fat skeeters and fatter tadpoles.

And why am I singing this beautiful song,
And puffing and blowing to rush it along?
To ask about Greenshields, likewise about Jim
Trail and Tom Trail, and also of him.

And why is George Greenshields so happy and fat?
And why is George Greenshields as round as a bat,
When Jim Trail is angular, lanky and slim,
And Tom Trail is little, and likewise is him?

They all lived together on the very same sub.
They drank the same water and ate the same grub;

They used the same blankets and wore the same
rags,
They took the same whiskey and rode the same jags.

Then why is George Greenshields so happy and
fat?
And why is George Greenshields as round as a bat
When Jim Trail is angular, lanky and slim,
And Tom Trail is little, and likewise is him?

If one ate fat bacon the other did too,
If one took stewed mutton the other took stew;
They all lived together year out and year in;
Then why was George fat and the others all thin?

They backed the same ponies, they sparked the
same girls,
They chased the same cattle and whirled the same
whirls;
They did the same things every day in the year,
Yet Greenshields was broad and the others were
near.

George Greenshields, I venture, was three feet
straight through,
And wore a twelve glove and number ten shoe,
While Jim Trail was angular, lanky and tall,
And Tom Trail and Scribo were nothing at all.

Yet they all lived together on the very same sub.
They drank the same water and ate the same grub;
They used the same blankets and wore the same rags,
They took the same whiskey and rode the same jags.

I've tried and I've tried till I can't try again,
To unriddle the riddle of these four ranching men;
And at last I've concluded it may be at least—
That the difference all lies in the build of the beast.

JIM AND JOHN

There is a herder named Jim Trail
Who rides a horse with a flowing tail
Whose name is John; this Jim and John
Are always here when they aren't gone.

This Jim, the same who rides this John,
Who patiently stands till Jim gets on,
When he on John is herding sheep
He's always awake when he isn't asleep.

This John of whom I thusly sing,
His color it is yellow;
When Jim doth cinche him too tight
He doth pitch and bellow.

This Jim who always finds life "slick"
Is always well if he isn't sick;
And John who always finds life hell
Is always sick if he isn't well.

Jim and John have famous grown,
Because they are so widely known;
At Aikin's ranch or Double Bar
Jim and John forever are.

Now, of this tale the end is near,
'Tis true, all I have said;
Jim wishes John could live always
And John that Jim was dead.

TO A MEXICAN BUYING A RED NECKTIE

Signor buys a red necktie
To charm his Greaser maiden's eye;
She loves a flaming, red, necktie,
And what she loves Signor will buy.

Signor will don this scarlet band
And press his maiden's darkish hand;
She'll lay her head on Signor's breast,
And Signor's head on her's will rest.

Signor will kiss her dirty lips,
And press her dirtier finger tips;
And think none cleaner one might find,
For love makes even Greasers blind.

ODE TO DEVIL'S RIVER

Devil's River, Devil's River,
Did the devil live here ever?
If he did I do not fear him,
For a devil that would give up
Such a splendid place as this is
To a mortal is a coward;
My girl could quench his fire with kisses.

Rocky, bluffy, Devil's River;
Caves and caverns, precipices
Yawning, staring, rising ever,
And the hundreds interstices!
What a grand place for a devil!
And I think that I will live here;
Every night I'll hold a revel,
And I'll keep my pots a-boiling
For the hundreds pleasure seekers
Who in after years will come here;
For the spooning maids and lovers

Who will sit on my den's covers,
All of which by springs will open,
For their last love kiss a token.
The maids I'll stew down into jelly,
And I'll spread it on my beefsteak;
But the men I'll keep a-tumbling
'Till they hear my furnace rumbling;
Then I'll set them all a-toiling,
Where my blackest pots are boiling
Shoveling coal.

I will fill his soul with horror,
He who dares to look at Laura;
For, behind him with my pitchfork
I will stand and punch him, punch him.
His the station next the furnace,
And I'll punch him, punch him, punch him
Every time he raises up
With a shovel full of coal.
I will pay him back, the sinner,
Miserable, wicked sinner;
Every breakfast I'll behead him
And dissect him every dinner;
I'll invent for him new torture,
He who dares to look at Laura.
When I've flayed him, pierced him, cursed him,
I'll jump on him till I've burst him;
I'll have a vat with hot lye steaming,
Kept by harpies mad and screaming;
And I'll put him in a-swimming,
Every afternoon and evening,
In a mixture, to which twice
Molten lead shall be like ice;
But it will not tend to kill him,
Only make him tend'rer, tend'rer,
And I'll thrash him on his exit
With a Russian scorpion.

I'll have patrons from Chicago,
Notwithstanding the embargo

Laid by Dowie and his preachers
On the traffic in the creatures.
Oh, I'll keep my tar a-boiling,
For the sinners from Chicago;
And with cow hair I will mix it
So that it will stick the faster.
They perforce shall 'plain of phthisic,
And as straightway shall take physic
Made of broken glass and tacks, and
On their ever aching backs and
Heads I'll place a monstrous plaster,
Made of what I've just related,
(Pitch and cow hair) till abated
Are their achings and their painings;
If I hear of new complainings
I'll endeavor to relieve them
With such simple things as these are—
By imposing hurts more horrid,
Pains more awful, heat more torrid.

Other towns shall be considered;
Each shall duly be considered;
Each shall have especial service;
Each a section next the furnace.

Every soul from San Antonio
Shall have double lung pneumonia,
And a fiend with gleesome laughing
Tickling him to keep him coughing
Noon and evening, night and morning;
If his lungs shall take to healing
He'll be dosed with cactus peeling;
So that he shall not recover
Nor abate his illness ever.

Washington, because of sinning
Is deserving of an inning.
Folks from there shall have a choosing

'Twixt a semi-weekly bruising
Of the bottoms of their feet
And a plate of naught to eat.
They'll not be allowed to sit,
But shall keep a-walking, walking,
Through the length of my dominions,
Trailed by serpents that will sting them
Every time they come up to them;
That will coil their lengths around them
And with tooth and tail end pound them;
This or tooth ache's double torture.
In the latter case a doctor,
Henry Knowles or some such other
Sympathetic, tender brother,
Free of cost will be provided
To attend their endless hurtings.
He'll prescribe heroic treatment;
Holding water to their grinders,
On a red hot stove he'll set them
Till the water boils and sizzes—

I will give them what they ask for,
These sweet sinners from the D. C.;
Just precisely what they ask for,
These sweet sinners from the D. C.;
But they'll not have power to take it
For their hands shall fail and wither
When to grasp they make an effort.
If perchance this treatment fails
To effect a reformation,
I'll extract their finger nails
As a sort of compensation
Every time they think they're better,
So that they shall find more torture
In the granting of their wishes
Than there're bones in tones of fishes.

New Orleans and Philadelphia,
Modern Gotham, all and every

Town and hamlet in the country,
I'll receive with kindly tortures.
I'll reserve for all new terrors,
And will try to make no errors
By omitting or abating
Anything to keep them jumping—
Jumping, jumping, jumping, jumping,
Bumping, bumping, bumping, bumping.
Here their consciences shall smite 'em;
Demon dogs and cats shall bite 'em;
And a thousand other things
Shall create a wish for wings.
Straight their wishes shall be granted,
Wings upon their shoulders planted;
But the feathers shall be waving
Flames of pitch pine fed with shavings
Which shall scorch their eyes and ears;
Set a boiling all their tears,
So that every time of weeping
Will appear like steam escaping.

These are but an intimation
Of the things I hope to furnish,
All of which I've not determined;
As I've only been a short while
Contemplating this new business
Of a western Texas devil.

THE RUMMAGE SALE AT ROCKVILLE

Ho, citizens of Rockville, suffragettes and men,
Boys and girls and krazykats, wait till I get my pen;
For I've a tale to tell you, a simple, serious, tale,
How certain of our social mites performed a rum-
mage sale;
Just prop yourselves securely, and hold on mighty
tight,
For I have got a funny yarn to spin for you to-
night!

Oh, rummage sales are comical; rummage sales are
fine;
An' a rummage sale in Rockville's a headin' of the
line.

Ye ghosts of Wannamaker John; ye Siegel Coop-
er Co.;
Ye Palais Royal, Boston House, ye five and ten
cent sto';
Ye Kann and Smoot, Garfinkle, scoot,
Hang ye your heads in shame;
Your stock in trade, from gowns to braid,
Is only stock in name;
For real magnificence and show, quality and style,
The rummage sale at Rockville is a toppin' of the
pile.

Where did the women get the stuff that stocked
the rummage store,
The wonderful creations that filled the shelves and
floor;
The shoes and hats, the puffs and rats,
The Dolly Varden skirts,
The collars by the thousands,
Old socks and cast off shirts?
A hundred garrets must have sent their sacred store
and stock
For the rummage sale at Rockville was the he goat
of the flock.

Who first conceived this rummage sale; who got
its charter out;
Who subscribed its capital and brought the thing
about;
Who laid in its stock of goods, with all their rents
and flaws
Who placed them neatly on the shelves?—'twas
Miss Lucinda Kraus.

Sure, Mrs. Thompson aided her and so did Mrs.
Keene,
And half a hundred others, as all of us have seen;
But I'll not stop to dwell on them, nor tell on them,
because
The easy leader of the lot was Miss Lucinda Kraus.

She was its able president, its general manager,
Its principal saleslady—all were combined in her;
She was its prompt attender before it had begun
To give a royal welcome to the maids of Monkey
Run;
She stood behind the counter; she stood upon the
floor;
She hustled here and hustled there and all about
the store;
And we're so thankful that she did, so thankful we,
because,
There could have been no rummage sale but for
Miss Cinda Kraus.

In all well ordered rummage sales the leading
goods are white.
Why, the writer doesn't know and doesn't care a
mite;
But who should sell the snowy things, shirt waists,
and those and these
To the damoselles of Monkey Run and do it so's
to please—
That was the question to decide, the most important
thing
To settle e'er the rummage sale could take the
slightest swing.
Some thought Mrs. Thompson; some thought Mrs.
Keene,
But all knew Miss Lucinda Kraus could do it like
a queen.

*So it was decided that Miss Lucinda Kraus should
sell the white goods.*

So, Miss Lucinda took the job, along with all the
rest
That lay upon her shoulders, as she could do it best.
The way she sold those shirtwaist things, and these
and those and them,
Was a caution to an Israelite. She'd take 'em by
the hem,
And hold 'em up and show 'em off and shake 'em in
the eye
Of belles from classic Monkey Run and Scotland's
bluey sky;
Till poor insertion looked like lace and iron rust
like gold,
And nineteen hundred nineteen ten and not a thing
looked old.

You'd thought she was a sleight o' hand, a tailor,
or the like,
The way she'd take the fullness up and make the
buttons strike.
The fleshy belles, she made them thin; the thin ones
she made fat,
And to Mrs. Thompson sent them off well pleased
to buy a hat.
Now, Mrs. Thompson, she's not slow when sales of
hats are on,
Let me articulate right here, before my chance is
gone;
And all the others they were good, but take it for a
hunch
That Miss Lucinda, saleslady, was the tiptop of
the bunch.

'Tis almost time to stop to get a bit of bite to eat,
But before I go I'll try to give myself a treat

By watching Mrs. Monday, who once was Bessie
Hughes,
Laboring with a Monkey Run to sell a pair of shoes.
That she's not a professional is clear as sun at noon,
Because she didn't offer once to fit the slippers on;
But selling shoes is one thing and fitting them is one,
And who would fit a pair of shoes upon a Monkey
Run?

They tell me I'm mistaken; they tell me that the
boss
And instigator of the sale was not Miss Cinda
Kraus;
That Mrs. Allen planned it and kept it on the go,
But be that as it may be, it was a holey show.
The stockings they were holey, the shoes were holey
too;
The other things were holey, and not a thing was
new.
The object too was holy—to pay the parsonage
debt—
That is why the sale was had and why the women
met.

Now, one may think the women and the antiquat-
ed ware
And coy-eyed belles of Monkey Run were all that
there were there;
But way back in the corner, concealed from curious
view,
Sat Winfield Scott Magruder and with him one or
two
Other kindred spirits, all bent upon some fun,
And they were bound to have it too, before the sale
was done;
For a rummage sale's a place to laugh, if you have
ears to hear,
And a rummage sale at Rockville's the queerest of
the queer.

Game birds go in coveys but niggers go in schools,
Like fishes in the ocean, according to no rules
That ever were contained in books or in the minds
of men.
They have their own peculiar ways, unsolved by
human ken.
And so, the niggers would flock in and fill the
house, and then
They'd troop out all together, like sheep out of a
pen.
The intervals were boresome and so, to pass the
time,
Br'er. Winfield told this story, a-barrin' of the
rhyme.

The Joneses was the homeliest men—"ugly" is
the word—
In all of forty counties; Zach, he was just a bird;
Jim, he was just plain ugly, but Zachary, his brother
Was forty times as ugly and as homely as the other.
The Joneses they was farmers; the Joneses they
raised truck
And sold the same in Georgetown, and so this streak
of luck;
And so this streak of profit, and so this yarn; so then
If they had not sold garden truck, I'd had no yarn
to spin.

While the Joneses they was ugly to the turning
of a trick,
It warn't the kind of ugliness that makes a fellow
sick,
But the happy, lucky, comic, kind that makes you
want to punch
The ugly party in the ribs and give his back a hunch.
Jim's eyes was bright and shiny and crossed as any
shears,
But Zach's was crossed and cocked as well and
reached most to his ears;

His mouth was big accordin'; oh, he was ugly right!
And the Joneses they sold garden truck and they
sold a mighty sight.

Yes, the Joneses they raised garden truck, as
corn and beans and beets,
Cymlin's and potatoes, and hawked 'em on the
streets;
That is, Jim did the hawkin', and Zachariah stayed
Upon the wagon all the time and watched the stock
in trade.
Perhaps it was Zach's features; perhaps it was just
Zach
That Jim put up, Jim he was boss, against the hood-
lum pack;
Or Jim was the best salesman; or p'r'aps he looked
most neat—
Whate'er the reason, Zach he drove and Jim he
hawked the street.

One day the firm was workin' as I have diagram-
med,
When a city man accosted Jim and said: "Well,
I'll be d—
If you ain't just the limit! you're the ugliest man
in town.
To back up my opinion, I'll lay a dollar down."
Jim dropped his beans and onions like a poker over-
het,
And druv into his pockets. Says he, "I'll take that
bet."
"Say, Brother Zach," says Jim, says he, "just show
yourself a minit."
Said the city man; "The money's yours. Stranger,
you ain't in it."

Please let me change the color and the purpose
of my rhyme,
Diverging for a minute to a subject that will chime,

To pay an honest tribute to Rockville's raconteur,
Winfield Scott Magruder, whose wit is never poor.
Winfield can give a story the color of real life.
May he live to tell a million more and the last one
to his wife!

For when it comes to yarning in real Rockville way
Winfield Scott Magruder is the first glass on the
tray.

Now Monkey Run has flowed again and the rum-
mage gets to going
With life anew, and all the clerks are puffing and a
blowing
Of articles of trade, and bragging on their beauty,
And usefulness and cheapness and how they'll do
full duty.
Miss Cinda shakes the white goods; Mrs. Monday
shakes the shoes;
Mrs. Thompson shakes the Easter hats and begs the
belles to choose.
The purchasers grow eager and buy in splendid
haste
Five cent hats and ten cent gowns, regardless of all
taste.

The night is fast receding; the rummage sale
must end;
The Monkey Runs are busted and the buying must
suspend.
The ladies are quite happy and promise they will
strive
To hold a sale another night when Monkey Runs
revive.
Miss Cinda, she is weary; Miss Cinda, she is pale;
Miss Cinda, she is tired and worn, but she ran the
rummage sale.
So, here's to Miss Lucinda a gleesome, joyous
throb—
My heartiest congratulations to the bossier of the job.

MONKEY RUN AT NINE P. M.

From Washington to Mexico; from Mexico to
Maine;
From Maine to Minnesota, to Washington again;
Where Mississippi's laving flood makes empires
bloom in wealth
And Allegheny, glory crowned, bestows her bound-
ing health;
From Orleans to Bemidji; from Baltimore to Blaine;
From Summit on the Rockies to Yankton on the
plain;
From ocean's edge to ocean, or any whence you will,
You find no town or city like the village of Rock-
ville.
'Tis not so great for greatness, when measured by
extent;
Nor yet so great as New Orleans when on amuse-
ment bent;
But for real hell a-roarin' and a-stirrin' of the fire,
She's got 'em all a-gapin' and afeerd to come a-nigh
her.
New York has her Bowery; New Orleans her
Mardi Gras,
But Rockville has her Monkey Run, which beats
them all afar.
Let Boston boast her Common, Baltimore her
Druid Hill,
Rockville boasts her Monkey Run and backs it up to
kill.

High browed economists proclaim, echoing J. J.
Hill,
The farm's the panacea for every poor man's ill;
"Back to the farm" they warble—they've heard the
eagle scream;
"Back to the farm," they echo, and then they fondly
dream.

The economists are mistaken, his copyists and Hill,
 The poor man's panacea is right here in Rockville.
 We've the sole panacea, surpassing it is none,
 It grows in ripe profusion along 'o Monkey Run;
 Its germ is nigger nature—howe'er the breezes blow
 Monkey Run is happy in August sun or snow.
 What though its clothes are ragged! what though
 its food is poor!
 What though the blear-eyed wolf of want glares
 sometimes in the door!
 What though the law makes faces and sheriffs serve
 their writs!
 The soul of happiness supreme upon her border sits.
 What though the jailer knows each child that plays
 on Monkey Run!
 What though death! these make no odds, nor yet
 obscure her sun.
 For the coffee's never cloudy in any nigger's cup;
 He's just a jolly "cullud man" from start to wind-
 ing up.
 What though they fight and quarrel! what though
 they cut and shoot!
 What though a "gemman," "lady," need make a
 sudden scoot
 To escape the village bailiff! as often they have done;
 These make a glad diversion along 'o Monkey Run.

Though beggaraires in poverty they're million-
 aires in store
 Of nigger-like contentment, and that is something
 more.
 Philanthropists may tax themselves and plan to
 elevate
 The genuine pure nigger and benefit the state:—
 Tis "No' thank yo'; we doan need it; the doctor
 'vises us
 Our system won't stan' fo' it; just go 'long wid yo'
 fuss."

The church folk, they have Sunday; the Masons,
Monday's theirs;
The ladies, they have Wednesdays to talk of their
affairs;
The children, they have afternoons to get their daily
fun;
And nine P. M. of Saturday's the time for Monkey
Run.
At seven o'clock the stir begins, at eight there's some-
thing going,
But nine P. M.'s the royal hour and Monkey Run's
just flowing.
The chief gets out his razor; his subjects get their
knives;
They whet them on the door posts and test them on
their wives;
The edges satisfactory, each joyful coon departs,
Ready for a game of crap or anything that starts.

He has no killing in his heart, but indulges no
conjection,
And takes his arsenal along merely for protection.
'Tis always best to be prepared, 'tis easy to prepare,
And a nigger never knows at night when he may
meet a bear,
Or a "gemmen" who will say to him, just because
he can,
"Nelson Johnson, you'se a co'ard; Nelson Johnson,
you'se no man."
Now, if he called Nelse liar, yellow dog, or any
else,
'Twould be but simple flattery and make no odds
to Nelse;
But the appellation "coward" calls instanter for a
gun;
It's suicide or murder along 'o Monkey Run.
So, Simon pulls his shooter and Nelson pulls his
knife,

And both begin a-cussin' and a-swearin' for dear life.

Nelson sees the shooter and argues that his skin
Will represent a pepper box unless he closes in;
So he begins to parley, while watching for a chance
To mix it up with Simon and carve him with his lance.

"G'way from me yo' nigger; I never hurted yo'.
What for yo' insultin' me; whatinell I do
Ter make yo' want addressin' me in language such
as dem?"

The while he's edging nearer, but Simon's watching him.

"Stan' back dar;" says Simon, a moving of his gun,
"I'll make a hole clean through yo'; I don't mean
no fun."

Both are very earnest and talking very loud;
Both eyeing of each other as well as of the crowd;
For each knows that the other has friends advancing
nigh,

Who'll trip him if they get a chance and then he's
bound to die.

It takes an agile nigger to scrap it in a mob
Of angry Monkey Runners and stay upon the job;
But Jake and Nelse are champions; they've fought
in many a fight,

And know from much experience how to do it right.
Neither one gets nervous and neither one is scared,
Although the crowd is yelling the worst you ever
heard.

Every man is swearing like forty and the screams
And screeching of the women are worse than New
Year's dreams.

At last Nelse sees an opening, but Simon reads his
eye;

Up goes his barking pistol, but the bullet hits the
sky;

Brer Simon missed Brer Nelson, for as he thought
he'd land

Jim Tubbins heaved a brickbat and busted Simon's
hand.

Simon's gun goes skirling full twenty feet away
And Nelson lunges at him assured of victory.

Run, Simon, run, if you've a thought
To fight again as you have fought!
Run, Simon, streak it for yo' libin'
Or Nelse will carve yo' into ribbon;
Run, Simon, run and wish for wings
Or Nelse will cut yo' into strings.

Simon flees like beaten hound,
Nor turns an eye to look around.
No old field fox when dogs are near;
No antelope or mountain deer,
When hungry wolves are on the chase,
E'er ran like Simon in this race.
He scarcely seemed to touch the ground;
He took the wide run at one bound,
As if it were a rippling rill,
And seemed to wish it wider still;
And never slacked his tearing pace
Till home he reached. There ends the race.

'Tis in the law of Monkey Run, for all its mad
confusion,
A man's home is his castle and safe from rude in-
trusion.

So Nelson ceases chasing when Simon bolts the door,
And stands outside and cusses twice louder than
before.

But it is no infraction of the 'foresaid code of law
To batter up the castle in fair attempt to draw
The master from his fortress. So, Nelson flings
some rocks

Through Simon's door and windows, encouraged
by the flocks

Of yelling, hooting niggers, who urge him loud and
 strong
 To "bus" the door to pieces, and they help the fun
 along
 By joining in the fusilade of club and rock and brick;
 But they don't get Simon Johnson, for Simon John-
 son's slick.
 If you'll go up Hicks' alley and look in Hicks'
 store
 You'll find that Mr. Johnson's there as unconcerned
 as yore,
 Relating to a laughing crowd just what he's "gwine-
 ter" do
 To Mr. Nelson Jackson before the scrap is through.

Walk you along on Monkey Run expecting you
 will find
 Monkey Run excited?—it's nothing of the kind.
 The fight! why, that's all over, 'twas just a little
 brawl.
 Says Moses Lyles to Harper: "Is yo' goin' to the
 ball
 "An 'ception to de pastor down to Fisherman's
 Hall?"
 "Coase, I is" says Harper. Says Mose, "It's time
 ter go.
 "Did yo' ever see a nigger run like Simon did?"
 Why, sho."
 "Ain't I seed my own self run? yo' hadder oughter
 see
 "Me a-runnin' other night. What was arter me?
 "Yo' hush now, it war disher way; 'twas jist bout
 half past ten
 "Dat I run er mile a secon'. No, I didn't drap de
 hen,
 "An' it warn't till I had clap her in the leg o' my
 ole boot
 "An' lighted up my siggereet I heerd de gun go
 shoot.

"Now hush yo' mouf, I tells yo'. I seed de powder flash

"Jis as I started gwine on dat mile er secon' dash."

"Dat war some right good runnin' I must ejacerate,"

Says Moses rather carelessly. "How long yo' keep dat gait?"

"How long, yo' say? How long! dat's it! I keep dat sprintin' style?"

"Erbout er half er secon', for 'twar 'bout er half er mile."

"War it up de hill or down it, I must deterrogate,

"War it up de hill or down it, yo' kep dat rapid rate?"

Quoth Moses rather craftily. Says Harper in reply: "Twar on de level, nigger, I made dat famouse fly."

"War it eas'w'd, war it wes'w'd, I must reperate,"

Quoth Moses still more craftily, "yo' kep dat famouse gait?"

"How, look a heah" says Harper, "what fo' yo' wanter quiz?"

"Does yo' wanter scover out yoself whar dem chickens is?"

"Case I ain't gwineter tell yo'; Ise keepin' dat surply, "Fo' my ole ooman's po'ly and she love a chicken pie."

"Ya, Ha!" cries Mose, "jus heah dat music in de hall!

Sho! nigger, get a motion, we's d'layin' o' de ball."

To those whom melody has made the subject of
her choice,
The whispering of vibrant strings speaks with de-
licious voice
And wakens strange emotions. Some sit almost in
fear;
While others dream in ecstasy and shed pure pleas-
ure's tear.
Low, soft and sweet the music pours and all be-
neath its sway
Are powerless, resistless. Queen music has her way.
But, touch you, please, the quicker key, and let the
swifter swing
Of rapid note on rapid note from the live timber
fling;
The breathing comes more quickly, the muscles
strain, the whole
Being's in rebellion against your self control.

But, 'tis not so on Monkey Run with negro boy
or girl;
Soon as the music quickens their hands begin to
twirl,
Nor modesty nor training restrain their nimble feet,
They dance with pure abandon and shout with joy
complete.

Thus did Mose and Harper feel the snatchy
music's trick
And cease to think of chickens. They struck a
double quick,
And with true nigger instinct, the white man's
solveless riddle,
Their speeding feet unconsciously kept dance time
with the fiddle;
So, when they reached the teeming hall they needed
no revampment
To time or step but fell right in like vet'rans at
encampment.

"Sho, dar, yo' fiddler! speed 'er up; double quick
dat screechin!
"What does yo' think dis' ception is? jes a place
fo' preachin'?
"Saw dem strings until de cry; pinch em; pat em;
rap em!"
Throw em down and jump on em! jerk em; shake
em; snap em!"

"Yo' shet yo' mouf' Mose Lyles, becace I wante
hear
"What dishere Miss Merlinder is a talkin' in my
year."

"G'long dar, Mr. Harper, you'se a mighty 'ceited
coon
"If yo' thinks dat Miss Merlinder is a dancin' ter
yo' tune."

Every nigger's yelling as loud as he can bawl;
And every foot is falling as hard as it can fall;
The noise is simply killing, confusion reigns su-
preme,
And every coon's as happy as a beggar in a dream.

Blanche Bivins and Pearl Dixon, two belles as
black as ink,
Are waiting in their corner for their beaus to fetch
a drink
Of villainous, cheap whiskey, procured of Pegleg
Nance,
Who has the night's supply in keep to lubricate the
dance.
The dancers crowd upon them, and to escape the
press
They yield till Thomas Jefferson steps on Blanche's
dress.
"Dar, now!" cries Blanche, "yo's tar'd my gownd,
yo' onerary nigger!"

"I'll break yo' good fer nothin' neck jes like I'd squash a chigger!

"Good Lawd! what is I gwineter do? It longs to Mrs. Monday

"Over dar on Locus Hill, whar I does wuk on Sunday.

"I gis war up dar yisterday, 'twant on no invertation,

"And borru'd dishere dress, yer see, for dishere sole occasion.

"I didn't speak erbout it, because it ain't no use

"Ter tell de white trash everything. 'Twar gis a layin' loose;

"I cal'cate ter return it tomorrow mornin' sho

"Fore she war up fer brefus; Good Lawd, what can I do?"

"I'll gis surpress dat nigger's skull, de clumsy, onery cuss!"

With that she lands on Thomas and starts an awful muss.

Jefferson returns the blow, for in a nigger fight
Every nigger looks alike, which isn't far from right.
The women ask no boots or odds, but lay to right
and left

With fist or any handy thing. Many a skull is cleft

By fist of femininity, and many a mouth is mashed
By giant stroke of Mandy, and many a nose is smashed

As flat as any flounder by obsequious and fawning
Miss Rosella Madison who bakes your cakes next morning.

As every ball on Monkey Run is sure to end in brawling,

Every nigger goes prepared for fighting and for squalling;

So, whether dancing in fine mood, or fighting, mad as thunder,

The noise and uproar of the mob is just a cause for wonder.

If, when the night's debauch is done, no coon for death's annointed

The citizens of Monkey Run are sorely disappointed.

When Tom and Blanche began to scrap the row began in earnest.

The whole assembly got to work and each one did his dernest.

By principle, on Monkey Run the razor knows no brother,

'Twould just as leave go up as down and cut one as another.

So, feet and fists flew in and out and razors gleamed and glittered,

Until the floor from end to end with Monkey Runs was littered.

Here lay an ear and there a piece of a dissevered nose—

Such things as hats and handkerchiefs and other parts of clothes

Were too pro forma to relate. When Abram Hewett, bailiff,

Arrived he found a dozen coons easy quite to jail if Doctor Henderson could get enough of silk to stitch 'em

Together long enough to hold till he in jail could pitch 'em.

In twenty minutes by the watch the hall held not a dancer,

And every Monkey Run was home as happy as a lancer,

Save those that Hewett caught because they were too carved to run—

And they will soon be well again to join in other
fun.

You cannot keep a good man down, nor yet a
nigger smother;
Cut him, carve him, he'll get well by one chance or
another;
Nor yet suppress our Monkey Run, its week end
fun and fighting—
So, here's to Monkey Run at night, whose glory I'm
inditing.

CHARLES W. PRETTYMAN

(He has the grippe)

I have been told by word of lip
That Prettyman has the La Grippe;
And, whispering sorter-like, 'tis said
He takes it with him to his bed;
And when his friends call in to see
And learn the truth of the report,
To keep the fact more secretly,
He hides it underneath his shirt.

'Tis horrible, the women sigh,
(The men just wink the other eye,)
To think that Charley Prettyman
Would take up such an awful plan!
So late in life, too; ah, but then
You never can account for men!
His poor wife, too, dear faithful woman,
For all his mean deceiving of her,
Waits on him just like he was human,
While trying hard her pain to smother,
And he a-fooling her by saying
His thoughts have never once been straying—
But I've been told—it's over town,
And truth, you know, it will not down—

For I've been told by word of lip,
He's nought for ought but the la grippe.

Poor Prettyman, he's got the grippe,
Or grippe has got poor Prettyman;
I'm sure he doesn't care a snip,
So state it either way you can;
As either way it equal pleases,
This thing of aching joints and sneezes,
And coughs and colds and tears and wheezes—
So, plank it down and let her rip—
"Poor Prettyman has got the grippe."

Here's to Charley Prettyman,
The town's most pulchritudinous man;
Look on him, say then, if you can
That he is not a pretty man.

His eyes are gray his nose is thin,
His bones are almost through the skin;
Look at him now, say if you can,
Isn't he a pretty man.

Oh, Prettyman, my lucky friend,
Of your good luck there is no end!
With the la grippe and sherry wine he
Surely must be doing finely.
For that same wine, one little sip,
I willingly would have the grippe,
Then, lest they take the wine away
I'd get a new grip every day.

Ah, Prettyman; Ah, Prettyman
We've missed you, (nit;) we've missed you;
The men deplore your absence (nit)
The women can't resist you.

The derved French La Grippe,
Charley Prettyman has got it;
Uninvited it came, nor cost him a cent;

With its wheezes and sneezes,
And its achings, dot rot it,
Charley Prettyman wishes, the la grippe, it would
went.

Goodbye to Prettyman's grippe,
Though it's only a moan and a sneeze;
Send it away for a year and a day
And pass the lockjaw, please.

THE MITE SOCIETY

Dear Mrs.—:

I'm told that the Mite
Society meets with you next Thursday night,
And as the months have grown into years
Since I mingled with you my laughter and cheers
On such glad occasions, I thought I had better
Renew my allegiance and attend by a letter.

To-day is most dreary, and lonesome my den;
So, just to be social, I'll imagine and pen
An average meet of the Society Mites
Who monthly assemble on third Thursday nights
In the sage town of Rockville (may it be ever famous
And happy and jolly, or else it will shame us.)

The Society is in order. The president in the
Chair.

"We will now all arise and repeat the Lord's
Prayer."

"The lady secretary now will please to call the
roll,
And members, as their names are called, will pass
along their toll.

The Secretary takes her book. "Mr. Albert,"
she first names.

With presidential dignity the President de-
clains:—

"I will bring the blind by a way they knew not;
I will lead them in paths they have not known;
I will make darkness light before them;
And crooked things straight.
These things will I do unto them
And not forsake them."

Concerting with his closing words, this ponderous
mite and brother
Drops in the plate his twenty cents and makes room
for another.

"Mrs. Albert," next is called. A moment not
to lose,
She murmurs rather bashfully: "Frank, have you
paid my dues?"
Frank answers "yes," and then she says, with a
mischievous quiver,
And glance significant at Frank, "God loves a cheer-
ful giver."

Poor Frank looks hit. Of that to tell, I will not
shift the scene:
The Secretary cons the list and calls for Mrs.
Breene
Si' Sallie comes up smiling that smile of wondrous
girth:
"In the beginning God he made the heavens and the
earth."
This she repeats and drops her dime, with many
flirts and quiggers
And falls back to the corner where Mrs. Andrews
figures
How much she's spent for stove repairs and mat-
tresses and sewing
To furnish out the parsonage and keep the preacher
going.

The President for order raps so hard you'd think
he'd jar
The plaster from the ceiling. The roll is now
Lavarre.
George marches out, good natured soul, as sober as
a judge,
His hands thrust in his pockets. He gives Bob
Smith a nudge
As he goes by, in effort vain to stir the old man's
wrath:
"In all thy ways remember Him and He'll direct
thy path."

George repeats these solemn words, a righteous
rule of life,
And pays his dues and falls away in favor of his
wife.

Mrs. George has scarce recovered from a horrible
surprise
She and the other sewing bees received at Mrs. Frye's
When Doctor Warfield, treasurer, covetous, wicked
man,
To get the bees' good money sprang a churchly
impious plan,
The end of which was instant, the end of which
was sad,
For in a moment Doc. had grabbed all of the cash
they had.
The sewing bees disbanded, their sewing feats for-
sook,
Gave Doc. their little bank account and closed their
banking book.
But bees can't be prevented from making comb and
honey,
No more can Mrs. George Lavarre from getting up
church money.
So, stepping smartly to the front, she sings out sort
o' snappy,

And looks Doc. straightly in the face: "Be good
and you'll be happy."

Poor Doctor's stung and much abashed. He
knows it is no libel;
And gives his head that comic jerk: "That verse
ain't in the Bible,"
Is Doc's retort. He marches off, with characteristic
snigger
And joins his co-conspirators but feels no whit the
bigger.

The Smiths, the Secretary calls, and Mrs. says
two verses,
While Mr. wriggles awkwardly and mutters quiet
curses
Upon the smiling president, his splendid friend and
brother,
Who'd said the verse Smith meant to say, and poor
Smith knows no other.
Smith pays his little twenty cents, his own dues and
his spouse's,
And hastens off to swap some yarns and join in the
carouses
Of others of the unwashed set, happier, if ruder,
Of whom the chiefest sinner is Winfield Scott
Magruder.

The list is called! All have replied with scripture
verse or money;
Some have been very serious, some have been very
funny.

New business is the next in course. The hostess
takes the floor:
"I move you, Mr. President, as I have done before,
I think it was last meeting night, or possibly No-
vember,
That no one in the church shall be an associate
member."

The president puts the motion, as he buttons up
his coat.
The women are all talking and the men decline to
vote.
And so the President declares, the merest formal
matter,
"The motion to adjourn succeeds." Oh, listen to
the clatter.

The chairman of the committee which runs the
social features
Proclaims the program of the night and stills the
noisy creatures.
Some read, some speak and others sing, according to
their talent.
Some act very foolish and some act very gallant;
But reading, speaking, singing all are but to strike
a gait—
The feature of the evening is a humorous debate.
The question: Which is prettier, the styles of yore
and then,
Or hobble skirt and ding-ling hat of nineteen hun-
dred ten.

The speakers take their places, champions of old
and new,
Two pretty girls before them, exhibits one and two.
The oratory sizzles. The sky is searched; the stars,
The comet's beauty, contribute to the bloodiest of
wars.
The dictionary suffers, too; the audience wonders
where
The speakers got the language to describe the lovely
pair,
Who now begin to feel a bit embarrassment creep
o'er them
As such grandiloquence of praise aviates before
them.

"No rose that ever bloomed in June has color
like Miss Mazie;
No girl of hobble skirted style could set a fellow
crazy,
Like those who wore the modest skirts in modest
days of yore
E'er Mrs. ——— kicked the bustle off the floor.
Comparisons are odious, comparisons are poor,
Give me the girl of olden days, the bustled girl of
yore."

Thus perorates the champion of the gladsome
olden style!
But, keep your eye on Brother Jones, he's nervous
all the while,
And quite impatient is to rush within the fighting
ring
To champion the hobble skirt and bonnet ding-a-
ling.

His time has come. The loud applause which
welcomed long the close
Of the first speaker's speaking is succeeded by
compos—
Ured, taut, expectancy, and every neck is craned,
And ears are on the quick alert, and every eye is
strained.
Appears the other champion. "Gentlemen," says he
"Look first on this and then on that and see what
you can see;
Observe the two exhibits, observe both this and that;
The glory of the hobble skirt and of the ding-ling
hat.
Comparisons are odious, comparisons are poor,
But give to me the hobble skirt and not the skirt of
yore."

Come on the other speakers, Brer. Richards and
Brer. Gleen,

And neither one in all his days such "awful" sight
has seen,
Such "awful," "awful," sight as this, the effete dress
of yore,
The skin tight sleeves, the pull back skirt, all drag-
ging on the floor;
Nor such an "awful," "awful" sight, the hobble
skirt and that
Monstrosity the women wear and call the ding-ling
hat.

The speakers cease exhausted. The two exhibits
flee.
They've had enough of this debate for all eternity.
The one discards her bustle dress, the one her hob-
ble band,
And both appear in modest garb, the sweetest in the
land.

Another number's on the list. Its reached now
in its order.
Refreshments! fly you dyspeptics and get your glass
of water!
Bring me strong coffee, cups in pairs, pickles and
sandwiches,
Followed up with angel cake—I'll drop the needful
stitches
In my belt, so don't mirate, just pass along the
eating
And then repeat the pleasant dose.
This is my New Year's greeting.

Thus, in pleasant intercourse, the passing hours
are spent.
Too quick they go, as though their wings by eyre
birds were lent;
For time has such a weary way of hanging when
you're sad;
And then from pure perverseness he hurries when
you're glad.

So, though its but a moment since the verses went
around,
The time to say goodnight has come and we must
homeward bound.
We don our coats and gloves and hats and, to pre-
serve my rhyme,
Each says to Mrs. Warfield: "I've had a splendid
time;
"Now aren't the stars too splendid, the airs delight-
ful quite;
"And haven't we enjoyed ourselves." She says: "I'm
glad. Goodnight."

THE CAT AND THE CROCODILE

Once on a time in a certain zoo
There lay a lazy crocodile,
An ugly, monstrous, species new,
Imported from the land of Nile,
Where certain persons from a great
Old school went to investigate.

Lived in the aforementioned zoo
A pussy cat whose name was Kate;
When of the saurian a view
She caught her tail ascended straight
Up in the air. "Now, sure," said Kate,
"This stranger I'll investigate."

'Tis many years since Pussy died;
As much she did her time precede;
The probing practice was decried
In those green days as nauseous deed;
For 'twas not then, as 'tis of late,
The fashion to investigate.

How did it happen that this cat
Fell a victim to her prying;

How did it ever happen that
She left this wicked world by dying?
'Tis easy quite the cause to state;
She simply would investigate.

'Twas curiosity killed that cat,
That took from her her three times three;
'Twas curiosity; she was fat
And just as healthy as could be.
Alas, she met a tragic fate
Because she would investigate!

The saurian was attending to
His business as a crocodile;
Taking in his quarters new,
And winking idly once in while.
"Something sinister," said Kate,
"I surely must investigate."

"Is he a reptile or a fish?
He has a prosperous looking maw;
His mouth's as spacious as a wish;
His tail is like a cross cut saw;
He's an oppressor, or he ain't;
To learn which I'll investigate."

"He lies too still; he can't be right;
Suspicious is his lack of airs;
These folks that go from morn to night
Attending to their own affairs
Are dangerous to home and state.
My duty's to investigate."

"When any reptile, fish or cat
Grows to such uncommon length,
The safe presumption rises that
It's fattening on its neighbor's strength;
No thing that prospers can be straight;
And hence, I must investigate."

"He's far too comfortably cool
To honest be in ways of living;
This cat's too smart for him to fool
By the exhibit he is giving;
I want his place, at any rate!
To oust him I'll investigate."

When 'tis remembered that this cat
Lived quite a century ago,
I think it is a marvel that
She had of logic such a flow,
And that she came so near, forsooth,
Unto the demonstrated truth.

For late developments have shown
Beyond the shadow of dispute
That every man whose girth has grown
Beyond the normal is a brute,
The enemy of man and beast;
Fit subject for a rabble-feast.

And every man whose girth has shrunk
Below the normal is oppressed;
Fool or shirker, doped or drunk—
Unfortunate is to be blessed;
To take from A and give to B,
That is our new philosophy.

Job wants a place Benheimer fills,
Its salary and perquisites,
Its honor, prestige, flips and frills—
Job starts a rumor, gives Ben fits
And heaps upon his helpless pate
A mixture called "Investigate."

If Benheim would his office hold
Against the perfidies of Job,
Ben must at some third person scold,
And some third person's virtue rob—

Out-Herod Herod, nor abate
In purpose to investigate.

The person who or which will dare
To flaunt his fat in virtue's face,
His "ill got usury" must share
With those less able in the race.
Preliminary to the slashing,
Investigation is the fashion.

How big shall healthy persons grow
Before they're subject to be trimmed?
Three feet is quite a girth, I vow;
At less than that they should be skimmed—
Probably the fairest vent
Is nought for loss and no per cent.

When pussy cat had cogitated
Upon the saurian's evil points
Until her anger had dilated
And burning were her feline joints,
With tooth and nail she sprang, alack,
Upon the sleeping saurian's back.

The leap was quick, 'response was quick;
The monster's jaws snapped loud;
The cat was deader than a stick,
A crocodile her shroud—
She died by squashing, curious Kate,
Because she would investigate.

The saurian lived for many years
And died at green old saurian age;
He kept on shedding saurian tears
Just as he did before Kate's rage,
And his descendants, sad to state,
Are laughing at another Kate.

LIFE'S AUTUMN SONG

Sweet Felicia, thou that dwelleth
In the violet vale of art,
Sing for me some hymn that wellet
Through the garden of thy heart;
Some imperial hymn that telleth
Of the autumn time of man.
When upon the hilltop blendeth
First the white frost with the tan.

Sing a song of manhood's glory,
When the gum's red riot throws
Sunset o'er the maple's saffron,
And the frost has seared the rose;
When the tall oak on the mountain
Bares his forehead to the snow,
And the river and the fountain
Murmur softly as they flow.

How sublimer is the music
When the player's fingers move
O'er the chords of recollection—
Tender memories of love;
Who hath had his spring and summer,
Who hath reached his autumn time;
All his past, its deep shores sounding,
Makes the present more sublime.

Gracious in its dispensations,
Providence directs men's feet;
Time assuages every sorrow,
Draws the bitter from the sweet;
Autumn's winds about man blowing,
Destined surely to increase,
Even these his last leaves strewing
Bring their recompense of peace.

Autumn time with winter blending!
Still retreats the sullen sun;
Unperceived the autumn endeth
And the winter hath begun;
Still, 'tis blessing upon blessing!
The transition hath no jar—
Who can mark the hour or minute
When his ship went past the bar!

Sweet Felicia, thou excelleth
In the art that soothes the soul;
Sing for me some hymn that telleth
How the autumn winds that roll
Round man's dwelling roll in splendor,
Nor less glorious appear
Than the sunbeams of the summer
Or the springtime of his year.



